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J. F. SADLER & CO.

Standard Patterns

Warner Corsets

THE RED CROSS ROLL CALL

Drive is Completed by Hard Working
Committee. 652 Mem-
bers Enrolled.

November 11th was the last day of the Third Red Cross Roll Call, and the final count shows that Sierra Madre Chapter has 652 members for the year 1920. As compared with last year's membership of 1025, this shows a decrease that is hardly in line with Sierra Madre's war-time record, yet the Committee in charge feel that it is undoubtedly true that many people who realized the need for making a little personal sacrifice during the actual duration of the war have closed their eyes to the fact that the suffering resulting from the terrible years of struggle has not all been relieved, nor all the hideous wounds healed. There are others who would willingly have contributed had not their own problems of illness or financial stress barred the way for the time being.

The plan of reserving the first three days of the campaign for voluntary subscriptions proved very successful, a large percentage renewing their memberships without waiting to be called upon.

It should be mentioned that the Japanese residents of our community have responded to a man to the Roll Call. The solicitors report every adult Japanese man in Sierra Madre enrolled. Is there not a lesson in this for some of us?

It proved rather difficult at first to secure workers to cover the territory and solicit memberships, but as soon as the difficulty was realized, nearly all the old stand-bys came to the rescue, and worked as they have always done. The thanks of the Chairman are hereby extended to those who have given their time and effort to aid the committee in making the campaign a success, and whose names follow:

Miss Yelda Appleby
Mrs. D. C. Ashmore
Mrs. Kittle Buile
Mrs. Greer Caskey
Miss Edith Blumer
Mrs. V. E. Colwell
Mrs. L. Dietz
Miss Viola Fennel
Mrs. E. C. Foster

Mrs. A. T. Gay
Mrs. C. F. Gray
Miss T. H. Graham
Miss Daisy Hawks
Mrs. J. N. Hawks
Miss Bertha Hearle
Mrs. H. Hill
Y. Hongo
Mrs. Thomas Henderson
Mrs. S. Howard
Mrs. W. S. Hull
S. Ikawa
Mrs. Hulda Ingraham
Mrs. Arthur Johnson
Mrs. O. Jacobson
Mrs. R. J. Lord
Mrs. Robert Mitchell
Mrs. Frank Merrill
Mrs. G. C. Maughlin
Mrs. V. P. Maull
Mrs. E. H. Porter
Mrs. Palmer Rhodes
Miss Elizabeth Steinberger
Miss Lola Seebree
Miss Martha Shaw
Mrs. F. P. Sperry
Miss Florence Vannier
Miss Jean Woodward
Mr. Franklin Wright

While the time officially set apart for the Roll Call has expired, memberships in the Red Cross may be enrolled at any time for the calendar year 1920, and it is hoped that anyone who desires to enroll or to renew membership, who has thus far failed to do so, will send in his dollar at the earliest opportunity.

JAMES E. SADLEIR,
Chairman Third Red Cross Roll Call.

FRENCH CLASS STARTED

Miss Freeze, linguist and artist of Los Angeles, is conducting a conversational French class for children on Monday and Thursday afternoons at the residence of Mrs. Robert Mitchell. Price 25 cents per lesson.

Miss Ida Mae Hammond, now well known in Sierra Madre, will open a new Fletcher method at the same address on Wednesday afternoon. The correlated private lessons are given on Saturday afternoon.

Sierra Madre parents would do well to investigate the work of these instructors who offer expert instruction at minimum rates.

Read the Wantads.

Wantads

Everybody has something about the place that they do not use or need. Perhaps a chair, table, couch, stove, hoe, rake, spade, tools, old iron, old clothes, books, poultry, rabbits or a lot of other things.

Why don't you sell them? A lot of other people want just those things and a wantad will get you together.

You'd be surprised if you knew how many people read the wantads in the News FIRST—looking for bargains! Its human nature.

The News covers Sierra Madre like a blanket and the wantad column pulls like a Missouri mule. Try it next week. Only 5c a line.

The News

THE WOMAN'S CLUB DOINGS

The Organization that Does Things.
The Dramatic Section
Duly Launched.

The social meeting of the Woman's Club on last Monday afternoon was well attended, and those present were rewarded by hearing a most enjoyable program. Mrs. Evan Lewes, of the Dept. of Home Economics of the Federation, spoke at length, on the broad field of this department of the club activity, outlining the work according to the three most important branches — namely, Americanism, Thrift and Community Service. Another most pleasing feature of the program was contributed by Miss Elva Hichborn, a pupil of Cumcock, who gave a series of most interesting readings, with the ease and assurance of one truly talented and thoroughly in love with her work. Her numbers were "A Pleasant Half Hour at the Beach" by Marjory Benton Cooke, and two dialect selections, by Dailey.

Most delicious refreshments were served by the hostesses—Mrs. F. W. Neutzel and Mrs. Woodson Jones.

The dramatic section of the Woman's Club was duly launched Monday, when one hour before the regular time a number of those most interested in this new venture of the club met with Mrs. Goldsmith and listened with rapt attention while she gave a brief regime of her plans for the future instruction of the class. Mrs. Goldsmith spoke briefly but with easy familiarity of the sweet Irish drama and dramatists and later, in her rich mellow tones, read with much feeling the beautiful Irish drama written by W. B. Yeates, "Cathleen ni Houlihan," which brought tears to the eyes and choked the throat with sobs, so intimately physical is the appeal of its pathos. One would be indeed dull of understanding or hard of heart, who could listen to the reading of this play and not feel that something noble had come his way.

These dramatic lessons, will occur twice a month, at 1:30 p.m. on the date of the regular social meeting of the club. When one considers that this means eighteen of these rarely entertaining and instructive periods, under the direction of a woman so wonderfully talented and so richly experienced as Mrs. Goldsmith—one can not lose sight of the fact that in opening up to its members this new feature the club is offering a most wonderful opportunity, for the return of which the enrollment fee for the season of \$1.50 is a mere bagatelle. Further enrollments will be graciously received by the club treasurer, Mrs. Marian E. Lees. For the benefit of any who were not present at the former meeting we announce that a review of the French dramatists, and the reading of "The New Word" by Barrie, will compose the nucleus of the next lesson.

MRS. PALMER RHODES.

FREE ADVERTISEMENT
FOR BUSINESS COLLEGE

The Modern Business College of Los Angeles ran an advertisement in the News some weeks ago and as we stand behind every advertisement in protection of our readers we think a word regarding this institution is due.

Young people who attend business colleges expect to be instructed in business methods and the lessons and impressions they receive there are

likely to influence their future business career.

After the advertisement had been inserted the number of times ordered, and after several statements of the account had been sent, we finally received a check, which however was returned to the First National Bank here, stamped insufficient funds. Supposing that it was only an oversight on the part of the college we "bought" the worthless check to save its maker protest fees, and sent it to the college, requesting another one. Although several weeks have passed and a subsequent request for settlement mailed we have received no reply.

We can get along very well without the trifling amount involved and this article is not written with a view of inducing payment, nor is any malice felt or here expressed by the writer, but we do not feel that the influence of such business methods is beneficial to students. However after this explanation our readers contemplating a business course may use their own judgment.

REV. C. C. WILSON
CALLED TO ALAMEDA

Rev. C. C. Wilson has accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of Alameda, Calif., across the bay from San Francisco, at a salary of \$2400 and an allowance of \$500 for house rent.

This is one of the largest churches of that denomination in California, and both Mr. Wilson and the church are to be congratulated.

Mr. Wilson is an able and eloquent speaker, and has during his residence here been active in public, civic and patriotic work. He is a member of the Board of Trade, and the Associated Chambers of Commerce of San Gabriel Valley. His church at a recent business meeting passed resolutions of appreciation for his services and the entire community will wish him Godspeed in the new field which he will occupy.

THE NEWS STOPS
AT EXPIRATION

For almost a year we have been marking a ring around subscriber's names on top margin of paper, one week before subscription expired, as a reminder that the paper would stop with the next issue unless a renewal of subscription was received, but this practice has been discontinued.

To look over something less than five hundred names in order to note the date and mark a few names each month is no little task, and as the writer has been doing all of the work alone for several weeks, working on an average of fourteen hours a day, we are going to ask our subscribers to do their own reminding regarding expirations.

All subscriptions are dated the first of a month, and if the date after the name reads "19, Dec." or "Dec. 19" it means that the expiration is Dec. 1, 1919, or other months in like manner, and on that date the paper will stop.

We have received many words of commendation on this "stopping the paper plan" as most subscribers prefer not to get behind in their subscription, it being usually a matter of neglect.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Congregational Church will hold a social meeting on Tuesday, Nov. 18th, at the home of Mrs. L. M. Rice, 477 N. Baldwin Ave. All members and friends are most cordially invited.

WOMEN WILL HOLD BAZAAR

Ladies of the Episcopal Church will
Also give a Comedy Play,
Nov. 20 and 21.

The bazaar to be presented by the Woman's Guild of the Episcopal Church at the Woman's Club House to take place afternoons and evenings, Nov. 20 and 21st, will be of social interest to the community as during war times cessation of this event which has always been one of the chief events of the year preceding holidays. Aside from the opportunity to purchase useful and fancy articles.

Plays presented in the past at this time have always been of the best and enjoyed by the community, the guild establishing a reputation for the presentation of the best local talent in which has always included many of those having had professional training and experience.

The comedy "Untangling Tony," under the direction of Miss Williams, is a laugh provoker and in its cast of characters has splendid talent. Cast as follows:

Mrs. Adison Ray, Mrs. Harold Allen
Anthony Ray, her son, Frank Wright
Mildred Carew, H. Grace Williams
Mrs. James Mannering
Miss Yelda Appleby
Gladys Mannering
Miss Martha Shaw
Mr. Fernwick Van Alsten
Miss Carolyn Carol
Mrs. W. W. Alley
Mrs. Brown, Edith Blumer
Thompson, a butler, Mr. E. P. Rhodes

The curtain will rise at 8 preceded by orchestra music under the leadership of Miss Esther Olsen, also a professional entertainer whose monologues, songs and impersonations will interest everyone.

The reserved seats are now on sale at Hartman's. The different booths and tables will be presided over by the following ladies:

Fancy work table, Miss Daisy Hawks.
Domestic table, Mrs. Clemmons,
Mrs. M. D. Welsher.
Cooked food table, Mrs. Louis Deitz.
Candy table, Mrs. Stella Dennison.

Books table, Mrs. Lee Lyon.

White elephant table, Mrs. F. J. Hart, Mrs. F. P. Sperry.

During both afternoons, an English musical tea will be given with Mr. F. H. Flather in charge of the tea table and the music, which will be presented by the following local singers, Mmes. Hawks, Ashmore, Hawxhurst and Miss Gertrude Cook, all of which will be free and open to the public, except for a slight charge for the tea, which will include a fortune-teller's prophecy of the dregs of the tea cup, adding interest to the drinking of same.

The Order of St. Catherine's with Mrs. Mary Goodfellow at its head will have a booth displaying handkerchiefs of all kinds.

The children's corner especially planned to interest the kiddies has been arranged for by Mrs. F. C. E. Roess. Decorations will be in the capable hands of Mrs. Walter Lynch.

A chicken dinner with Mrs. Turner as cateress and under the charge of Miss Florence Vannier will be served between 5:30 to 7 o'clock. The menu will be as follows:

Tomato Soup
Chicken Pie Mashed Potatoes
String Beans
Jelly Hot Rolls Pickles
Ice Cream and Cake
Coffee

Dancing will follow the performance Friday evening.

HOLDS SMOKER

The men of the Church of the Ascension will hold a smoker on Tuesday evening at 8 p.m. at the Kindergarten building. There will be good eats, good smokes and a good time.

It is expected that Dean MacCormack of Los Angeles will be one of the speakers.

HIKING PARTY

A jolly party of girls hiked to Roberts' Camp by moonlight Monday evening chaperoned by Mrs. Vora P. Maull. They spent the night there and returned Tuesday. Those in the party were Mary Benton, Ruth Brooks, Lela Seebree, Gladys Walker, Katherine Maull, Muel Tarr, Louise Pearson, and Mae Hamen.

Important news on last page.

PHONE, BLACK 8
FOR
Royal-Yosemite Laundry

Because the Phone at Sander's Drug Store is no longer available, we have arranged with the A. N. Adams Realty Co. for the use of their Phone, Black 8 and our patrons are thus notified of the change.

We wish to thank our friends in Sierra Madre for their patronage and invite others to join the ranks of our satisfied customers. Phone Black 8 and the driver will call.

ROYAL-YOSEMITE LAUNDRY CO.
Pasadena, Cal.

PIECES OF EIGHT

By Richard Le Gallienne

Being the Authentic Narrative of a Treasure Discovered in the Bahama Islands in the Year 1903. Now First Given to the Public.

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Company.

TO THE SHARKS!

Synopsis—The man who tells this story—call him the hero, for short—is visiting his friend, John Saunders, British official in Nassau, Bahama Islands. Charlie Webster, a local merchant, completes the trio of friends. Conversation turning upon buried treasure, Saunders produces a written document purporting to be the death-bed statement of Henry P. Tobias, a successful pirate, made by him in 1859. It gives two spots where two millions and a half of treasure were buried by him and his companions. The conversation of the three friends is overheard by a pockmarked stranger. The document disappears. Saunders, however, has a copy. The hero, determined to seek the buried treasure, chartered the auxiliary schooner Maggie Darling. The pock-marked man is taken on as a passenger for Spanish Wells. Negro Tom catches and cures a "sucking fish" as a mascot for the hero; it has the virtue of keeping off the ghost of the pirate who always guards pirate treasure. On the voyage somebody empties the gasoline tank and the hero starts things. He and the passenger clash. He lands the passenger, who leaves a manifesto bearing the signature, "Henry P. Tobias, Jr." With a new crew, the Maggie Darling sails and is pursued by another schooner, the Susan B. The hero lands on Dead Men's Shoes.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"I can't afford to give you that, Theodore."

"I'd die for dat," he declared. "Take this handkerchief instead," but, meanwhile, my eyes were opening. "Take this instead, Theodore," I suggested.

"I'd die for dat," he repeated, touching the tie.

His voice and touch made me sick and afraid, just as people in a lunatic asylum make one afraid.

"Look out!" murmured Tom at my elbow.

And just then I noticed hiding in some bushes of seven-year apple trees, two faces I had good reason to know.

I had barely time to pull out the commandant's revolver from my pocket. I knew it was to be either the pockmarked genius or the engineer. But for the moment I was not to be sure which one I had hit. For, as my gun went off, something heavy came down on my head, and for the time I was shut off from whatever else was going on.

"Which did I hit, Tom?" were my first words as I came back to the glory of the world; but I didn't say them for a long time, and from what Tom told me, it was a wonder I ever said them at all.

"There he is, sar," said Tom, pointing to a long, dark figure stretched out near by. "I'm afraid he's not the man you were looking for."

"Poor fellow!" I said; it was George, the engineer; "I'm sorry—but I saw the muzzles of their guns sticking out of the bush there. It was they or me."

"That no lie, sar, and if it hadn't been for that suckin' fish's skin you wouldn't be here now."

"It didn't save me from a pretty good one on the head, Tom, did it?" "No, sar, but that was just it—if it hadn't been for that knock on the head, pulling you down just that minute, that thar pockmarked fellow would have got you. As it was, he grazed your cheek and got one of his own men killed by mistake—the very fellow that hit you. There he is—over there."

"And who's that other, Tom?" I asked, pointing to another dark figure a few yards away.

"That's the captain, sar."

"The captain? Oh, I'm sorry for that. God knows I'm sorry for that."

"Yes, sar, he was one of the finest gentlemen I ever knowed was Captain Tomlinson; a brave man and a good navigator. And he'd taken a powerful fancy to you, for when you got that crack on the head he picked up your gun and began blazing away, with words I should never have expected from a religious man. The others, except our special friend—"

"Let's call him Tobias from now on, Tom," I interposed.

"Well, him, sar, kept his nerve, but the others ran for the boats as if the devil was after them; but the captain's gun was quicker, and only four of them got to the Susan B. The other two fell on their faces, as if something had tripped them up, in a couple of feet of water. But just then Tobias hit the captain in the heart; ah! if only he had one of those skins—but he always laughed off such things as superstitious."

"There was only me and Tobias then, and the dog, for the engineer boy had gone on his knees to the Susan B. fellows at the first crack, and begged them to take him away with them. There was no one left but Tobias and the dog and me, and I was sure my end was not far off, for I was never much of a shot."

"As God is my witness, sar, I was ready to die, and there was a moment when I thought that the time had come; but Tobias suddenly walked over to the top of the bluff and

called out to the Susan B., that was just running up her sails. At his word they put out a boat for him, and while he waited he came down the hill toward me and the dog, that stood growling over you; and for sure I thought it was the end. But he said: 'Toll that fellow there that I'm not going to kill a defenseless man. He might have killed me once but he didn't. It's bound to be one of us some day or other, but, despite me all he likes—I'm not such a carrier as he thinks me; and if he only likes to keep out of my way I'm willing to keep out of his. Tell him when he wakes up that as long as he gives up going after what belongs to me—for it was my grandfather's—he is safe, but the minute he sets his foot on hand on what is mine, it's either his life or mine.' And then he turned away and was rowed to the Susan B., and they soon sailed away."

"With the black flag at the peak, I suppose, Tom," said I. "Well, that was a fine speech, quite a flight of oratory, and I'm sure I'm obliged to him for the life that's still worth having, in spite of this ungodly aching in my head. But how about the poor captain there! Where does all his eloquence come in there? He can't call it self-defense. They were waiting ready to murder us, as you saw. I'm afraid the captain and the law between them are all that is necessary to cook the goose of our friend Henry P. Tobias, Jr., without any help from me—though, as the captain died for me, I should prefer they allowed me to make it a personal matter."

"It's the beginning of the price," said Tom.

"The beginning of the price?"

"It's the dead hand," continued Tom; "I told you, you'll remember, that wherever treasure is there's a ghost of a dead man keeping guard and waiting till another dead man comes along to take up sentry duty so to say. The ghost is getting busy. And it makes me think that we're coming pretty near to the treasure, or we wouldn't have had all this happen. Mark me, the treasure's near by—or the ghost wouldn't be so malicious."

And then, looking around where the captain and the engineer and Silly Theodore lay, I said:

"The first thing we've got to do is to bury these poor fellows; but where, I added, 'are the other two that fell in the water?'"

"Oh," said Tom, "a couple of sharks got them just before you woke up."

CHAPTER VII.

In Which Tom and I Attend Several Funerals.

When Tom and I came to look over the ground with a view to finding a burial place for the dead I realized with grim emphasis the truth of Charlie Webster's remarks—in those snuggery nights that seemed so remote and far away—on the nature of the soil which would have to be gone over in quest of my treasure. No wonder he had spoken of dynamite.

"Why, Tom," I said, "there isn't a wheelbarrow load of real soil in a square mile. We couldn't dig a grave for a dog in stuff like this, and, as I spoke, the pebblelike rock under my feet clanged and echoed with a metallic sound."

"Come along, Tom, I can't stand any more of this. We'll have to leave our funerals till tomorrow, and get aboard for the night—for the Maggie Darling was still floating there serenely, as though men and their violence had no existence on the planet."

"We'd better cover them up, against the turkey buzzards," said Tom, two of those unsavory birds rising in the air as we returned to the shore. We did this as well as we were able with rocks and the wreckage of an old boat strewn on the beach.

I don't think two men were ever so glad of the morning, driving before it the haunted night. After breakfast our first thought was naturally to the sad and disagreeable business before us.

"I tell you what I've been thinking, sar," said Tom, as we rowed ashore, and I managed to pull down a turkey buzzard that rose at our approach—happily our coverings had proved fairly effective—"I've been thinking that the only one of the three that really matters is the captain, and we can find sufficient soil for him in one of those big holes."

"How about the others?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I was thinking that sharks are good enough for them."

"They deserve no better, Tom, and I think we may as well get rid of them first."

So it was done as we said, and carrying them by the feet and shoulders to the edge of the bluff—George, and Silly Theodore, and the nameless giant who had knocked me down so opportunely—we skillfully flung them in, and they glided off with scarce a splash.

Then we turned to the poor captain and carried him as gently as we could over the rough ground to the biggest of the banana holes, as the natives

call them, and there we were able to dig him a fairly respectable grave.

Tom and I, however, were now, to the best of our belief, alone on the island, and a lonelier spot it would be hard to imagine, or one touched at certain hours with a fairer beauty—a beauty wraithlike and, like a sea shell, haunted with the marvel of the sea.

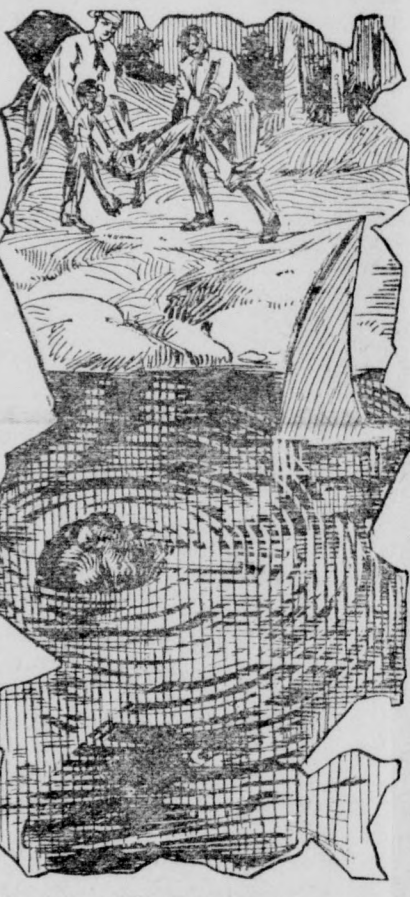
First we went over our stores, and, thanks to those poor dead mouths that did not need to be reckoned with any more, we had plenty of everything to last us for at least a month, not to speak of fishing, at which Tom was an expert.

When, however, we turned to our plans for the treasure hunting we soon came to a dead stop. The indications given by Tobias seemed, in the face of such a terrain, naive to a degree. Possibly the land had changed since his day. Some little, of course, it must have done. Tom and I went over Tobias' directions again and there was the compass carved on the rock, and the cross. There was something definite—something which, if it was ever there at all, was there still—for in that climate the weather leaves things unperished almost as in Egypt.

Sitting on the highest bluff we could find, Tom and I looked around.

"That compass is somewhere among these infernal rocks—if it ever was carved there at all—that's one thing certain, Tom; but look at the rocks!"

Over twenty miles of rocks north and south, and from two to six from east to west. A more hopeless job the



They Glided Off With Scarce a Splash.

mind of man could not conceive. Tom shook his head, and scratched his graying wool.

"I go most by the ghost, sar," he said. "All these men had never been killed if the ghost hadn't been somewhere near. Mark me, if we find the treasure it'll be by the ghost."

"That's all very well," I laughed. "But how are we going to get the ghost to show his hand? He's got such bloodthirsty ways with him."

"They always have, sar," said Tom, "no doubt with some ancestral chubder of voodoo worship in his blood. 'Yes, sar, they always cry out for blood. It's all they've got to live on. They drink it like you and me drink coffee or rum. It's terrible to hear them in the night.'"

"Well, Tom," I remarked, "you may be right, but of one thing I'm certain; if the ghost's going to get any one, it shan't be you."

"We've both got one good chance against them—Tom was beginning. 'Don't tell me again about that old sucking fish.'"

"Mind you keep it safe, for all that," said Tom gravely. "I wouldn't lose mine for a thousand pounds."

"Well, all right, but let's forget the damned old ghosts for the present."

We decided to try a plan that was really no plan at all; that is to say, to seek more or less at random, till we consumed all our stores except just enough to take us home. Meanwhile we would, each of us, every day, cut a sort of radiating swathe, working single-handed, from the cove entrance. Thus we would prospect as much of the country as possible in a sort of fan, both of us keeping our eyes open for a compass carved on a rock. In this way we might hope to cover no inconsiderable stretch of the country in the three weeks, and, moreover, the country most likely to give some results, as being that lying in a semicircle from the little harbor where the ships would have lain. It wasn't much of a plan perhaps, but it seemed the most possible among the impossibles. Harder work than we had undertaken no men have ever set their hands to. It would have broken the back of the most able-bodied navy; and when

we reached the boat at sunset we had scarce strength left to eat our supper and roll into our bunks. A machete is a heavy weapon that needs no little skill in handling with economy of force, and Tom, who had been brought up to it, was, in spite of his years, a better practitioner than I.

I have already hinted at the kind of devil's underbrush we had to cut our way through, but no words can do justice to the almost intelligent stubbornness with which those weird growths opposed us. It really seemed as though they were inspired by a diabolic will-force pitting itself against our will, vegetable incarnation of evil strength and fury and cunning.

Day after day Tom and I returned home dead beat, with hardly a tired word to exchange with each other.

We had now been at it for about a fortnight, and I loved the old chap more every day for the grit and courage with which he supported our tedious labors and kept up his spirits. Once or twice we had made fancied discoveries which we called off the other to see, and once or twice we had tried some blasting on rocks that seemed to suggest mysterious tunnelings into the earth. But it had all proved a vain thing and a weariness of the flesh. And the ghost of John P. Tobias still kept his secret.

CHAPTER VIII.

An Unfinished Game of Cards.

One evening as I returned to the ship unusually worn out and disheartened I asked Tom how the stores were holding out. He answered cheerfully that they would last another week and leave us enough to get home.

"Well, shall we stick out the other week or not, Tom? I don't want to kill you, and I confess I'm nearly all in myself."

"May as well stick it out, sar, now we've gone so far. Then we'll have done all we can, and there's a certain satisfaction in doing that, sar."

So next morning we went at it again, and the next, and the next again, and then on the fourth day, when our week was drawing to its close, something at last happened to change the grim monotony of our days.

It was shortly after the lunch hour. Tom and I, who were now working too far apart to hear each other's hallos, had fired our revolvers once or twice to show that all was right with us. But, for no reason I can give, I suddenly got a feeling that all was not right with the old man, so I fired my revolver and gave him time for a reply. But there was no answer. Again I fired. Still no answer. I was on the point of firing again when I heard something coming through the brush behind me. It was Sailor racing toward me over the jagged rocks. Evidently there was something wrong.

"Something wrong with old Tom, Sailor?" I asked, as though he could answer me. And indeed he did answer as plainly as dog could do, wagging his tail and whining and turning to go back with me in the direction whence he had come.

"Off we go, then, old chap," and as he ran ahead, I followed him as fast as I could.

It took me the best part of an hour to get to where Tom had been working. Sailor brushed his way ahead, pushing through the scrub with canine importance. Presently, at the top of a slight elevation, I came among the bushes to a softer spot where the soil had given way, and saw that it was the mouth of a shaft like a wide chimney flue, the earth of which had evidently fallen in. Here Sailor stopped and whined, pawing the earth, and at the same time I heard a moaning underneath.

"Is that you, Tom?" I called. Thank God, the old chap was not dead at all events.

"Thank the Lord, it's you, sar," he cried. "I'm all right, but I've had a bad fall—and I can't seem able to move."

"Hold on and keep up your heart—I'll be with you in a minute," I called down to him.

A cave, a pirate's bones, a chest and—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cure for Rheumatism.

A certain variety of seaweed, known in Ireland as "tope," has been recommended by a famous physician as a cure for rheumatism and throat affections if eaten hot, whilst in some parts of England and Wales a variety of seaweed, known as "laver," has been in demand for years as a vegetable. Served with roast meats it is said to be extremely palatable.

Critic Coins New Word.

Tired of the hackneyed phrase, a "gripping" story, originated by some weary critic and eagerly snatched up by book advertisers, it has remained for a Boston dramatic critic to discover a new term. He has found a play that is "riveting" in its intensity of interest.

SAFE, GENTLE REMEDY BRINGS SURE RELIEF

For 200 years GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has enabled suffering humanity to withstand attacks of kidney, liver, bladder and stomach troubles and all diseases connected with the urinary organs, and to build up and restore to health organs weakened by disease. These most important organs must be watched, because they filter and purify the blood; unless they do their work you are doomed.

You need. Take three or four every day. The healing oil soaks into the cells and lining of the kidneys and drives out the poisons. New life and health will surely follow. When your normal vigor has been restored continue treatment for a while to keep yourself in condition and prevent a return of the disease.

Don't wait until you are incapable of fighting. Start taking GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today. Your druggist will cheerfully refund your money if you are not satisfied with results. But be sure to get the original imported GOLD MEDAL and accept no substitutes. In three sizes. Sealed packages. At all drug stores.



COLT DISTEMPER

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses at any age are "exposed."

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Bad Sickness Caused by Acid-Stomach

If people only realized the health-destroying power of an acid-stomach—of the many kinds of sickness and misery it causes—the lives it literally wrecks—they would guard against it as carefully as they do against a deadly plague. You know in an instant the first symptoms of acid-stomach—pains of indigestion; distressing, painful bloating; sour, gassy stomach; belching; food repeating; heartburn, etc. Whenever your stomach feels this way you should lose no time in putting it to rights. It is the cause of all serious consequences are almost sure to follow, such as intestinal fermentation, auto-intoxication, impairment of the entire nervous system, headache, biliousness, cirrhosis of the liver; sometimes even catarrh of the stomach and intestinal ulcers and cancer.

If you are not feeling right, see if it isn't acid-stomach that is the cause of your ill health. Take EATONIC, the wonderful modern stomach remedy. EATONIC Tablets quickly and surely relieve the pain, bloating, belching, and heartburn that indicate acid-stomach. Make the stomach strong, clean and sweet. By keeping the stomach in healthy condition so that you can get full strength from your food, your general health steadily improves. Results are marvellously quick. Just try EATONIC and you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands who have used it and who say they never dreamed anything could bring such marvellous relief.

So get a big 50-cent box of EATONIC from your druggist today. If not satisfactory return it and he will refund your money.

EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

ADDING MACHINES, new and used, \$1 to \$150, and up. All makes bought, sold, exchanged, repaired. "Always courteous." Adding Mach. Emp., 908 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.

WAR RECORD OF LEVIATHAN

Monster Transport Carried Many Thousands of Soldiers to French Ports.

The giant transport Leviathan, following her arrival in New York harbor with Gen. Pershing and troops of the First division, brought to a close her important service in helping win the war. The big ship, after being refitted for passenger service, is to be turned back to the United States shipping board, the agency which seized it when the United States entered the war. While the future of the ship is uncertain, it is reported that she will be assigned to American passenger trade between New York and Liverpool, with possible extension in the future of a service to Hamburg.

The Leviathan, formerly the Vaterland, the second largest ship in the world, was interned in New York by the Germans in 1914. She was "wfully damaged" to the extent of more than \$1,000,000. After being reconditioned by American engineers, she was assigned as a transport, and during and since the war made 19 round trips on the Atlantic, carrying a total of 185,500 soldiers, of whom 98,321 were carried overseas through submarine-infested seas. She was always a mark for U-boats, but her speed and the armament with which she was equipped saved her.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and book free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

Soothe Your Itching Skin With Cuticura

All drugists. Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura," Dept. 7, Boston.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Removes dandruff, itching, itching, restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair. Just apply. No wash. No trouble. No expense. H. C. Parker, New York, N. Y.

HINDERCORNS

Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the foot, makes walking easy. 10c. by mail or at Drugists. Hindercorns Chemical Works, Patagonia, N. Y.

DENVER THE LIVE STOCK MARKET OF THE WEST

MOST MODERN STOCK YARDS IN AMERICA. Best Market for ALL CLASSES OF LIVE STOCK.

Texas Oil Leases—Play the game safe. Invest \$7.50 in five acre tracts in Hardeman Co. Many wells drilling. Map and geological report free. Box 417, Quanah, Texas.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 42-1919.

THEY TURNED AWAY DAZEDLY

Young Couple in Search of an Apartment Run Into Unusual Landlord.

They were swapping yarns at the Athletic club the other night and Frank Garbutt told this one, though he doesn't vouch for its veracity.

"The young husband touched the landlord's doorknob timidly and his wife just as timidly sought his hand, when the door banged open and a fierce, bewhiskered man confronted them."

"Have you an apartment to rent?" piped the young husband.

"Have you any children?" roared the landlord, running a sinewy hand through his whiskers.

"No," replied the young husband, promptly.

"Any dogs?" blared the landlord.

"Not a one," chirped the young wife. "Well, then," said the landlord triumphantly, "you can't get in here. We never rent apartments to people who haven't children or dogs."

The door slammed in their faces and they turned away dazedly.

Rome and Romeo.

"Was Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of the teacher.

"No, my boy," replied the wise man. "It was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

More Economical Than Coffee

Better for Health and Costs Less

Instant Postum

A table drink made "quick as a wink" by placing a spoonful in a cup, then adding hot water, and sugar and cream to taste.



"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Made by

Postum Cereal Company Battle Creek, Mich.

Sold by Grocers and General Stores

No Raise in Price

For Birthdays

—Little things make life worth living.
—A silver cup for the baby—a remembrance for mother, sister or sweetheart. A gift from our store is prized much—is beautiful; lasts long.
—Our reasonable prices ease the way.

BOYD PARK

MAKERS OF JEWELRY
100 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY

Typewriters

All makes Rented, Repaired, Sold.
Write for prices—\$7.50 to \$100.
Utah Office and School Supply
32 W. 2nd South, Salt Lake City, Utah

HELP WANTED

If you want big wages learn barber trade. Many small towns need barbers; good opportunities open for men over draftage. Barbers in army have good as officers commission. Get prepared in few weeks. Call or write. **Moler Barber College**, 43 S. West Temple St., Salt Lake City.

TRUST TOO MUCH TO LUCK

Few Have Proper Preparation for Work Which They Undertake to Do in Life.

Many persons go through life for a long time with a veil, as it were, obscuring their clear vision. They do not understand life as it is; they prefer to try to make of it what they think it should be in order to satisfy their ambitions; they do not like the obstacles that bar their paths; they want the right of way and cannot understand why they may not always have it. It is a difficult thing to make headway in any undertaking when we are compelled to grope in the darkness and feel our steps. We do our best, perhaps, but even so we make mistakes and set ourselves far back in our endeavors simply because we are not prepared for the work in hand. No one may even hope to accomplish really worth while results unless he understands the needs of the task in hand and is prepared to meet them. Good preparation is the foundation for our lifework, and unless our foundations are solid it is impossible to build strongly upon them for the future. That is why so many of us make such sorry failures of life. We have had nothing on which to build. The flimsy little base upon which we seek to set our lifework is not large enough to bear the hard strain of earnest effort. It gives way under the first heavy pressure and we find ourselves in the dark. Again we begin to feel our way and again we trust to luck to get results that will be worth having. —Charlestown News and Courier.

FOR SALE—We have in this vicinity a high-grade piano, also latest model player-piano, used but in perfect condition, practically new, which we will sell at an attractive figure and on practically their own terms, to responsible parties, rather than ship back. Write today to Consolidated Music Co., 13 to 19 East First South St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

MOMENTOUS DAY IN HISTORY

Julius Caesar Said to Have Landed in Britain on Twenty-seventh Day of August.

According to calculations carefully made and that, at the least, establish a probable case, August 27 is the anniversary of the landing of Julius Caesar in the island of Britain.

In his wars that resulted in the conquest of Gaul, or modern France, Julius Caesar kept a journal, in which he recorded all his operations. He called it, "Commentaries," and it has been pronounced to be perhaps the best record of campaigns ever written by a general in the field.

In the midst of these operations he found time to cross the channel and pay a military visit to the land known now as England, but not so known then, for the ancient Britons then inhabited the island. He states the year of that visit, which, according to our calendar, was 55 B. C. He also states other facts which enabled the calculation as to month and day to be made.

Caesar in his journal, or "Commentaries," relates that he set out on the expedition when little of summer remained, when the people of the south of Britain are engaged in their harvest, and that after a stay of three weeks, he returned to Gaul before the equinox. It is, therefore, concluded that the day of landing must have been in August.

To Remove Ink Stains.

Ink stains on white fabrics can be removed with peroxide of hydrogen. Drop it on the stain with a medicine dropper or, if it is a large spot, pour it on slowly from a spoon. As this preparation has a bleaching effect, great care must be exercised if used on colored materials.

The Russian Cure.

A representative was talking about bolshevism at a luncheon. "The one synonym for bolshevism," he said, "is laziness." Then he smiled and added: "There is no sure cure for laziness. Starvation comes nearest to it."

Well Mated.

"They're well mated."
"That so?"
"Yes. She knows as much about baseball as he does about playing bridge whist."

HOW TO AVOID BACKACHE AND NERVOUSNESS

Told by Mrs. Lynch From Own Experience.

Providence, R. I.—"I was all run down in health, was nervous, had headaches, my back ached all the time. I was tired and had no ambition for anything. I had taken a number of medicines which did me no good. One day I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for women, so I tried it. My nervousness and backache and headaches disappeared. I gained in weight and feel fine, so I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman who is suffering as I was." —Mrs. ADELINE B. LYNCH, 100 Plain St., Providence, R. I.



Backache and nervousness are symptoms or nature's warnings, which indicate a functional disturbance or an unhealthy condition which often develops into a more serious ailment. Women in this condition should not continue to drag along without help, but profit by Mrs. Lynch's experience, and try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and for special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

The Refineries Make the Money

The Great Southern Producing and Refining Company is now constructing a twelve thousand barrel refinery to use the best known process of refining. Owns 6900 acres in good leases. A small allotment of stock for sale at par. Write for particulars to Great Southern Producing & Refining Co., 1007 Hume-Mansur Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Feeders Attention

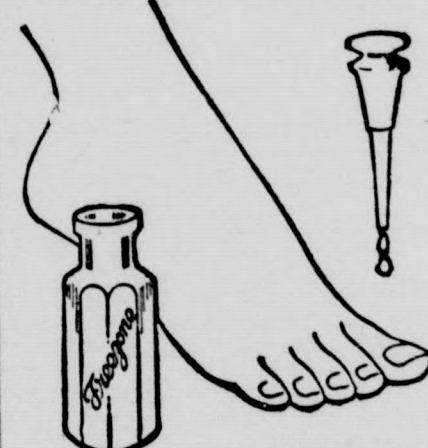
Get on our mailing list for quotations on cotton seed cake, peanut cake, cotton seed, and peanut meal. We have best prices. We handle the volume. Both nut and pea size, ready for shipment. Write today. W. H. Hays Co., San Francisco, Cal.; Ft. Worth, Tex.; Seattle, Wash.

Greater Than Trafalgar.

Trafalgar was the last great fight of sailing vessels and a fitting close to a heroic era in the history of naval war, for it gave England the mastery of the seas. Long before this, however, there occurred the greatest event in the history of sailing vessels—the departure from Spain of the Santa Maria, with the Nina and the Pinta—the epoch-making fleet of Columbus.

Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin caluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

Encircling Movements.

He—You look cold. Shall I take off my coat and put it around you?
She—Why take it off?

Watch That Cold!

Chills and colds tend to throw an extra burden on the kidneys and poisons, that well kidneys normally throw off, accumulate. That may be why you have been feeling so tired, irritable and half sick since that cold. Don't wait for worse troubles to set in! If you suffer constant backache, headaches, dizzy spells and irregular kidney action, get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills today. Doan's are helping thousands. Ask your neighbor!

A Utah Case

W. W. Robinson, First East near First North Sts., American Fork, Utah, says: "I know Doan's Kidney Pills to be just what is claimed for them. For months last winter I was suffering with a steady ache and pains across my kidneys. The slightest move which caused any strain on my back sent those pains through it. A druggist recommended Doan's Kidney Pills so I tried them. Doan's completely cured me of the attack."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A Bad Cough

If neglected, often leads to serious trouble. Safeguard your health, relieve your distress and soothe your irritated throat by taking

PISO'S

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

SCOUTS PROVE THEIR GRIT

A visitor at Camp Wawanassa, the summer camp of North Hudson council, Boy Scouts of America, at Bear Mountain, Interstate park, tells a heart story which he got direct from his boy.

It was their first night on the islands. Taps had been sounded, and the camp was settling down to a quiet slumber, when from one of the islands came a low, blood-curdling scream.

"Some cat," ventured a scout in one of the tents.
"Cat, nothing," exclaimed another in the same tent, excitedly. "It's a wildcat."

This statement brought six other touselheads from underneath six blankets in the tent. A hurried conference was called, and it was decided that they just had to go out and get the wildcat.

Arming themselves with broken oars and old broom-handles, and with their scout knives safely hitched to their belts, the boys crept stealthily from their tent out into the starry night. The shriek again pierced the still night air.

Suddenly the leader called a halt. His foot touched something. It was another scout. In fact another group, and still another group. The scouts began to assemble rapidly, and it finally seemed that every tent had a delegation present. Excited whispers as to how to proceed broke the silence, but suddenly everybody grew quiet, as a tall figure loomed up in the darkness. It was Lieut. H. Hudson of Westfield, N. J., resident director of the camp.

"I've got the wildcat, fellows," he said quietly; "now hustle back to camp."

Lieutenant Hudson would advance no information, but ordered everybody back to bed. But the story leaked out and spread from tent to tent. The truth was that the shriek was not that of a wild cat, but an ordinary boy scout imitating that animal. The wildcat was Scout George Becker of West Hoboken.

THE SEA SCOUT'S CHANTEY.

This is a modern chantey, sung by the crew of the sea scouts who took the famous pioneering trip up the Connecticut river in government boats. It was written by Chief Sea Scout James A. Wilder of Honolulu:

A ship is wood and metal,
Is metal, rigging and sail—
She's but an iron kettle,
When hearts aboard her fall!

Hauling Chorus:
To my way-ay and yea, yea,
We're bound away for many a day.
A seasoot is a good scout,
So give us our seaway.

The heart of ships is red-blood,
Red-blood—never a doubt!
And wood and iron useless
Without the heart of scout.
(Chorus)

Our ship is what'er make her,
Make her—saucey and smart.
No blustering wind shall break her,
While we are all of a heart.
(Chorus)

VICTORY HALL TO HOUSE SCOUTS

Exterior designs and floor plans have been prepared for submission to the board of estimate in New York city for "Victory Hall," a memorial building to the world war soldiers of New York city.

The plans show a ground floor, to be used as an exhibition hall, 30 feet high and 200 by 320 feet square. The basement is to contain one of the largest swimming pools in the world, a gymnasium and a rifle range.

The second floor will be a convention hall. The third story is to contain chapter rooms for the meetings of the G. A. R., A. E. F., American Legion, Boy Scouts, Public School Athletic league and Amateur Athletic union. A flat roof will afford facilities for a playground.

INNES TRAINS SCOUT BAND.

The Denver boy scouts' band of 65, directed by Frederick Noll Innes, is an organization of which Denver may well be proud. Introducing the band Professor Innes said:

"It is a genuine tribute to the high intelligence and untiring application of these boys that they, in less than 120 days, have become proficient enough to appear in a public concert, and I am sincerely proud to be their director. This band is wholly self-supporting. The members bought their own instruments. I have been glad to give my services in training them."

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SCOUTS.

The officers and leaders present at a recent scout conference in Bournemouth, England, were enthusiastic for the development of their relations with foreign scouts.

Lieut. Gen. Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell, who is at the head of the British scout movement, believes that this attitude is general, for he has had suggestions from scoutmasters and others as to what the organization might do to get into closer touch with Britain's allies.

S. O. S.

If Constipated, Bilious or Headachy, take "Cascarets"

Sick headache, biliousness, coated tongue, or sour, gassy stomach—always trace this to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissues it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep.—Adv.

Her Eyes to Blame.

Some time ago I had my eyes tested, belladonna being dropped in them to enlarge the pupils. The eye doctor assured me I'd be able to see perfectly provided with a pair of dark glasses. My friend, who was with me, said she wasn't so sure about it. On leaving the doctor's office we boarded a crowded car, my friend going to the front and leaving me to take a vacant seat in the rear. All of a sudden I could see hardly anything, and in sitting down I sat on a young man's lap. I quickly removed to the vacant seat beside him amid the titters and laughing of a group of college boys standing in the back entry. My only relief was in the black glasses I wore, for I knew no one would know me again without them.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin
When red, rough and itching with hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

Disliked Red Hair.

Napoleon's hair was without a curl, while Achilles and Ajax had very curly locks. Black hair was not esteemed by the Romans, and red hair was an object of aversion. Nero, who fiddled while Rome burned, had bright red whiskers. Nebuchadnezzar, whose divine punishment is described in the book of Daniel, also had red hair.

Toil is its own pleasure.

WRIGLEY'S

5c a package before the war

5c a package during the war

5c a package NOW

THE FLAVOR LASTS SO DOES THE PRICE!



Sociologists estimate that among every thousand bachelors there are 38 criminals, whereas married men produce 18 per thousand.

The largest reinforced concrete arch today is the Risorgimento bridge across the Tiber at Rome, with a span of 328 feet.

Honest Advertising.

THIS is a topic we all hear now-a-days because so many people are inclined to exaggerate. Yet has any physician told you that we claimed unreasonable remedial properties for Fletcher's Castoria? Just ask them. We won't answer it ourselves, we know what the answer will be.

That it has all the virtues to-day that was claimed for it in its early days is to be found in its increased use, the recommendation by prominent physicians, and our assurance that its standard will be maintained.

Imitations are to be found in some stores and only because of the Castoria that Mr. Fletcher created. But it is not the genuine Castoria that Mr. Fletcher Honestly advertised, Honestly placed before the public and from which he Honestly expects to receive his reward.

Children Cry For

Fletcher's
CASTORIA

Special Care of Baby.

That Baby should have a bed of its own all are agreed. Yet it is more reasonable for an infant to sleep with grown-ups than to use a man's medicine in an attempt to regulate the delicate organism of that same infant. Either practice is to be shunned. Neither would be tolerated by specialists in children's diseases.

Your Physician will tell you that Baby's medicine must be prepared with even greater care than Baby's food.

A Baby's stomach when in good health is too often disarranged by improper food. Could you for a moment, then, think of giving to your ailing child anything but a medicine especially prepared for Infants and Children? Don't be deceived.

Make a mental note of this:—It is important, Mothers, that you should remember that to function well, the digestive organs of your Baby must receive special care. No Baby is so abnormal that the desired results may be had from the use of medicines primarily prepared for grown-ups.

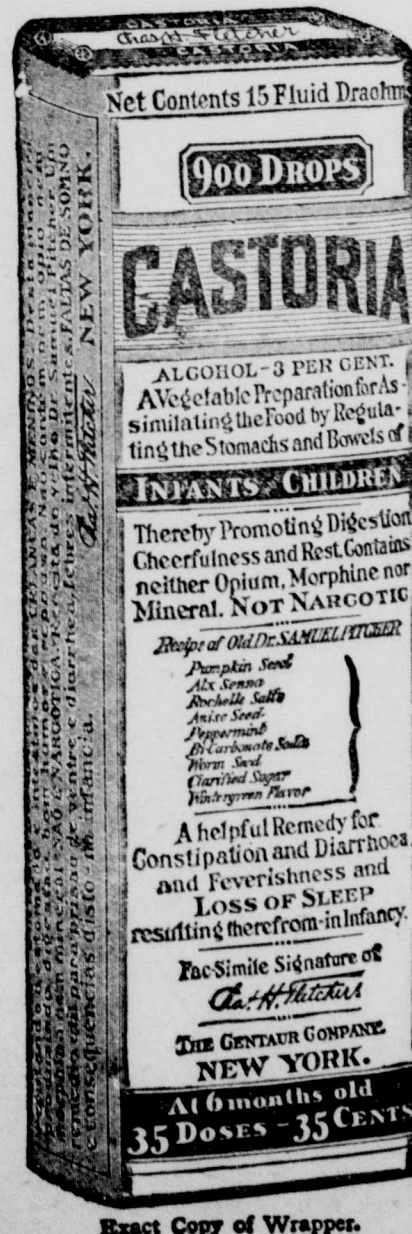
MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

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Red Crown Gasoline

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SIERRA MADRE GARAGE, Sole Agents.

Milton Steinberger, Prop. Phone Main 11

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REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE

LET US RENT your Furnished House or Apartment. The demand is getting greater.

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22 North Baldwin Ave.

Chicken Feed.

Get your COULSON EGG MASH and BUTTERMILK MASH from us. There is nothing better. TRY IT.

Fancy Rabbit and Goat Alfalfa

Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co.

A. OLSEN, Prop.

PHONE MAIN 50

97 E. Montecito.

Roofing Paper



Three Grades—1-2-3 Fly in each grade, Ranging in Price from \$2.00 to \$5.50 per Sq.

THE L. W. BLINN LUMBER CO.

W. C. LYNCH, JR., Agent - Sierra Madre, Cal.

Buy Poultry Feed, Grain, Hay,

POULTRY REMEDIES, HOG FEED, ETC., AT LOWEST PRICES

J. W. STRICKLAND

139 ESPERANZA STREET

Tel. Red 143

NEWS LINERS PAY



"Red Crown" gives easy starting. It is straight-distilled, all-refinery gasoline. Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (California)

The Gasoline of Quality

O. R. GOOD, Spl. Agt., Standard Oil Co., Monrovia, California

NO FIX, NO PAY;
WE'RE HERE TO STAY.

We can't sell you gold dollars for 98c, but we can do as good a repair job as anyone in this country. ALL MAKES OF CARS REPAIRED AND GUARANTEED.

STUDEBAKER AND BUICK EXPERTS.

HAMMERSTROM & DAVIS

23 East Central Ave. Phone, Blue 8. Sierra Madre, California.

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WITH THE CHURCHES

Church of the Ascension

The Rev. Wm. Carson Shaw, Rector
Sunday Services.
Holy Communion, 8:00 a. m.
Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.
Morning Prayer, 11:00 a. m.
Evening Prayer, 7:30 p. m.

Congregational

"A Community Church"

Chas. C. Wilson, Minister
129 W. Central. Phone Green 36.
9:45 a. m. Sunday School,
11:00 a. m. Morning Worship and
Sermon. Subject:
"The Hell We Fear."
7:30 Evening Service. Subject:
"Knowledge: or the Modern Aladdin's Lamp."
Wednesday 7:30 p. m., mid-week
meeting. Bible lecture. All are
welcome.

A regular meeting of the Missionary
Society of the Congregational Church
was held last Tuesday in the church
parlors. The speaker was Mrs. Geo.
A. Andrews of Los Angeles whose
subject was "Medical Missions" and
especially interesting. Hostesses for
the afternoon were Mrs. L. M. Rice
and Mrs. A. N. Adams. Light re-
freshments were served after the
meeting and a social half hour en-
joyed.

Christian Science Society

Christian Science Society of Sierra
Madre holds services in the Woman's
Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m.
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.
Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8
o'clock p. m.
Subject for Sunday morning:
"Mortals and Immortals."

Bethany

Dr. W. R. Rawlings, Pastor.
9:45 a. m. Sunday School.
11:00 a. m. Morning Service.
6:00 p. m. Young Peoples Meeting.
7:30 p. m. Evening Service.
7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer Meeting.
Bible Class at 2:30 p. m. Thursday,
at Mrs. M. O. Downs on Victoria Lane

Next Lord's Day the theme of the ser-
mon will be the result of the second
coming of the Lord. This will be
abundantly proven from the scripture.

W. C. T. U.

Christian Americanization, and
Child Welfare work, were subjects
for lively discussion at our Canyon
meeting held with Mrs. Gilmore on
Friday last.

"How we might help to purify the
moral atmosphere of the trails, or
the Los Angeles trailers," was re-
ferred to a committee; and how we
could help the Red Cross, and the
Parent-Teachers Club, in their ef-
forts for local child welfare work.
Practical help for our own commu-
nity, we regard as far better than a
keeping up our reputation for the
Banner Town for work to be sent to
Europe, where potatoes and meat can
be had at one-half the price, for their
school children.

Our meeting on Friday next will
be held at the home of Miss Anna
Green on East Montecito, at 3 p. m.
All are invited.

By order of W. C. T. U.

Theosophy.

A class for children in the study of
Theosophy is held at 162 East Central
Ave. on Sunday at 10 a. m., under the
direction of Children's School of Theo-
sophy, United Lodge of Theoso-
phists. All are welcome. No charges
or collections.

NEWS WANTED
LINERS

CALL UP—A. N. Adams, Real estate,
if you want to sell your furniture. 6x

CALL UP—A. N. Adams, Real estate,
if you want to sell your home or rent
it furnished. 6x

FOR RENT—well furnished 6 room
house at 235 S. Baldwin. Inquire at
101 Esperanza. 7*

HOUSEWORK WANTED—by capa-
ble white woman, three or four days
a week. Inquire at 195 E. Central.
6-7*

REGULATIONS GOVERNING USE
OF THE STURTEVANT TRAIL

By virtue of the authority vested in
the Secretary of Agriculture by the
Act of Congress of February 1, 1905
(33 Stat., 628), amendatory of the
Act of Congress of June 4, 1897 (30
Stat., 1135), I, C. F. Martin, Acting
Secretary of Agriculture, do make
and publish (as a part of and addi-
tional to the regulations in the Na-
tional Forest Manual governing the
occupancy, use, protection, and ad-
ministration of the National Forests)
the following regulations, in force
and effect on and after October 1,
1919, from June 1 to September 30,
inclusive, and on Saturdays, Sundays,
and holidays throughout each year,
governing the use of the Sturtevant
Trail in the Angeles National Forest,
California, from its southern termi-
nus (Carter's Camp), in Section 16,
Township 1 North, Range 11 West,
S. B. B. & M., to the Big Santa Anita
Canyon Ranger Station in approxi-
mately the N^Y/₄ of the SE^Y/₄, Section
3, Township 1 North, Range 11 West,
S. B. B. & M.:

(a) Pack trains shall have the
right of way over all horsemen and
pedestrians. (A pack train within
the meaning of these regulations
shall consist of four or more pack or
riderless animals.)

(b) The trail shall not be used by
any pack train not having a bell at-
tached to at least one animal, or
any pack train in charge of a person
less than eighteen years of age.

(c) Each south-bound pack train
shall be accompanied by two men,
one preceding the train at a distance
of approximately 500 feet, who shall
warn all persons on the trail of the
approach of such train, and the other
following closely upon the train, who
shall see that the animals travel close
together.

(d) All north-bound pack trains
leaving the southern terminus be-
tween the hours of 11 a. m. and 9 p. m.
shall also be accompanied by two men
who shall handle the train as men-
tioned in article "c."

(e) No riderless or pack animals
shall be turned loose without some
one to accompany them on this trail.

(f) No bicycles or motorcycles
shall make use of this trail.

In testimony whereof, I have here-
unto set my hand and caused the of-
ficial seal of the Department of Agri-
culture to be affixed at Washington,
D. C., this sixth day of September,
1919.

C. F. MARVIN, Acting
Secretary of Agriculture.

* No soot, no ashes, no work. *
* The Eclipse Gas Range, for *
* sale by the Gas Company, el- *
* iminates all undesirable fea- *
* tures in cooking. *

LOST—Khaki uniform marked "Tut-
tle." Finder please leave at Gas office.

FOR SALE—three cords of dry wal-
nut wood, in parts or all of it to any
one for \$12.00 per cord. Phone Blue 17
J. D. Sparks. 7*

ROOM TO RENT—nicely furnished
room with housekeeping privileges
if desired. Inquire at 258 E. Central
Ave. 7*

FEMALE HELP WANTED—to iron,
mend and darn one day weekly and
keep children occasionally. Call
180 Adams St. 7*

FOR SALE—Overland Country Club
car, practically new, 1918 model.
Owner leaving town. Will sell for
\$700. 159 E. Laurel Ave. 7*

HELP WANTED—Experienced sten-
ographer and bookkeeper. Easy po-
sition; moderate salary.
Apply to A. N. Adams, Real estate. 6x

SEWING—a woman with experience
in designing and making children's
and infants' clothes, will take orders
for hand made garments. Phone Black
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NURSING—Care and best food given
to convalescent patients in trained
nurses' sunshine home. Mrs. M. N.
Huff, 210 N. Adams St. Sierra Madre,
Calif. 7*

FOR SALE—Lot 50x200, Northeast
corner of Highland and Auburn. A
bargain at \$750, cash. Must sell. See
A. N. Adams, real estate, for particu-
lars. 6x

FURNITURE WANTED—Highest
price paid for second hand furni-
ture. Spot cash. Goldberg. Phone
Black 142. 171 N. Adams St. 7*

OLD PAPERS WANTED—Any one
who has old papers or magazines to
give for benevolent purposes, please
notify Miss Brewington, City Nurse,
Phone, Green 125. 6*

* The canning and preserving *
* months are here. Do your *
* own preserving with the most *
* economical and satisfactory of *
* all fuels, Natural Gas. *

M. D. WELSHER
Central Market

Fresh Meats, Vegetables and Groceries

For Thanksgiving

Cranberries, Orange Peel, Lemon
Peel, Citrus, Fresh Oysters and all
the "fixins" that go to make up that
Thanksgiving Dinner. Order NOW.

JUST RECEIVED—New Buckwheat Flour, New Cider, New Spuds
Don't Forget to order that Turkey early, so we can pick out the
size you want.

FRESH FISH FRIDAYS.

WE CLOSE THURSDAY AT 12 O'CLOCK.

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Good Serviceable School Shoes for Boys. Men's Work Shoes.
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HENRY OLSEN, Prop.

Automobile Tops

Let us put one of our famous quality tops on your
automobile, before the rainy season. Our prices are the lowest
and we insist on perfect satisfaction with every customer.

Following are a few of our Sierra Madre patrons, to
whom we refer:

W. E. Farman, Chris Shuttleworth, C. W. Jones, Rec
Stanbury.

Drop us a line or phone at our expense.

A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL.

Common Sense Tire and Auto
Equipment Co., Inc.

34 WEST UNION ST., PASADENA
Near City Hall

FOR GOOD WORK

Let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Dec-
orating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign
Painting, Gilding, etc.

J. D. TUCKER, Painting Contractor
Established in Sierra Madre in 1888
Phone Green 80 Residence 111 Suffolk Ave.

Prevent Early Fall Influenza

At the first sneeze or chilly feeling, take a dose of Hartman's Lax-
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F. H. HARTMAN & SON
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTS

25 N. Baldwin Ave.

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FRESH EACH WEEK.

SOFT DRINKS
ICE CREAMMAGAZINES
DAILY PAPERSCIGARS
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Attractive Homes

sell or rent. They are a pleasure to live in. The only way to
make a home attractive is to surround it with ornamental shrubbery
and trees.

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effect. Come and talk to us about it.

Ward Nursery

Phone Blue 29,

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Twin Cookies, bound together with "Mello Creme" filling. There is a distinctive quality to these cookies that will give you a newness and variety you like. They are dainty in shape and size—their freshness—in fact everything about them is extra attractive. They are sold in bulk so you can buy any quantity, the lb. .40

Specials for Saturday Only

Nucua Nut Margarine, the lb.	.35
Evaporated Apples, the lb.	.25
New Crop Walnuts the lb.	.35
Prime Rib Beef Roast, lb.	.25
Shoulder of Lamb, lb.	.28
Fancy Pot Roast, lb.	.22

Young Chickens, Broilers, Fryers and Roasters. Order your Thanksgiving Turkey NOW.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES FRESH EVERY MORNING.
OPEN ALL DAY ON THURSDAYS.

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Established 1887.

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.

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291 W. Central Ave.

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Used Cars

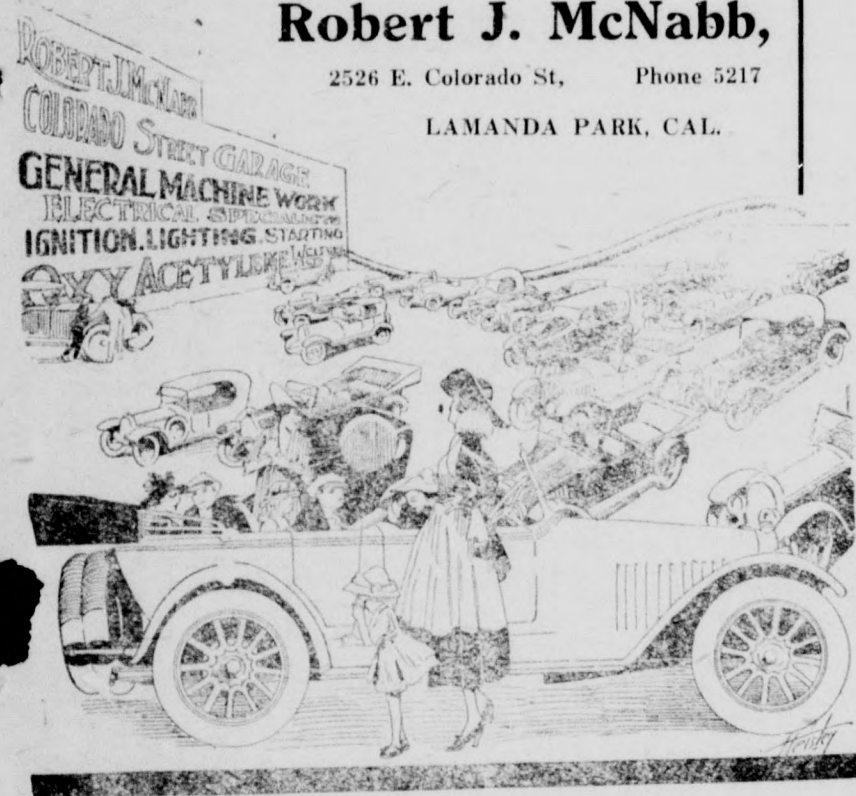
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On the long winter nights soon to come, you will find comfort and warmth in heating with Natural Gas. At any hour of the day, rain or shine, this product, remarkably economical in comparison with other heating products today, is at your service.

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gives you every convenience in the science of home heating. It heats your home in a minute, driving the chill from every corner and closet.

NATURAL GAS may be burned in a number of appliances. It burns scientifically in the popular RADIANTFIRE Heater and in the reliable Bungalow Heater. On your next visit to the Gas Office, see the display of Gas Heaters.

A NATURAL GAS HEATER for every home in the city. The price varies with the style and size of the appliance.

SOUTHERN COUNTIES GAS COMPANY

W. H. Rich, Dist. Supt. KERSTING BLOCK

Phone Main 177

SIERRA MADRE.

LOCAL NOTES

The Modern Priscillas will not meet until December 4th.

A. M. Wheeler has rented the Sparks cottage on Windsor Lane.

G. E. Raymond and family have rented the cottage on Suffolk Ave., for the winter.

Mrs. M. O. Downs spent the week end at Long Beach, the guest of Mrs. S. B. Waters.

Miss Laura McDaniels returned last Tuesday from Ohio, after spending two months there.

Attorney Jay Randall of Hollywood came over to chat with his friend Geo. Morgridge yesterday.

Miss Margaret Benton was dinner guest on Armistice day at the home of Mr. Maddock in Duarte.

Mrs. E. J. Crean and daughter have rented the cottage at 308 Grove St. and expect to remain here for a year.

Charles A. Tiebout has purchased the property at 257 San Gabriel Ct. Andrews and Hawks handled the deal.

Mrs. A. H. Wolff has rented the Reas cottage on S. Mountain Trail and will remain for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Dow, former residents of Sierra Madre, were visiting friends and relatives here last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Humphries have returned to their home after an absence of several months at Ocean-side, Cal.

Prof. and Mrs. Oscar B. Selling returned Wednesday evening from New York where they have been the past several months.

Mr. E. Wood and family of Los Angeles have rented the Olsen bungalow on East Central and expect to remain for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wheeling of Cain, Penn., who have been spending the past week in Sierra Madre, left Wednesday to spend a month in Los Angeles before returning to their home.

Lieut. Raymond B. Andrews and Lieut. Laurence B. Nourse of the U. S. Marine attended the ball given for the commissioned officers at the Hotel Alexandria, Tuesday night, in honor of Armistice Day.

Passed away quietly last Sunday morning, "Tip," at her home 632 Montecito. Relatives and friends and members of the "Barks and Howls" invited to the funeral. Please omit flowers. Contributed by James E. Sadleir.

Among the improvements going on in Sierra Madre at present is the bungalow now under course of construction on the Andrews and Hawks subdivision in the Canyon, also a new bungalow on the knoll east of the Canyon being built for Miss Hamilton.

Col. Holabird, who has been suffering from blood poisoning for the last three weeks, is improving and on the road to recovery. A slight scratch on his right hand became infected and it was necessary to lance it and give it daily treatments for some time.

THE ONLY ONE IN U. S.

In another column will be found "traffic regulations" for Sturtevant trail, and in a letter to the News regarding it, Forest Supervisor Charlton says: "So far as I know this is the only trail on any national forest where it has been found necessary to regulate the traffic." Thousands of persons pass up and down this trail each week.

A GROWING SCHOOL

Owing to the overcrowded condition of our school, the northwest room of the kindergarten building is being enlarged.

During the change, pupils in this grade are attending classes in the sloyd building.

The average daily attendance of pupils in the different grades has increased considerably during the present term and further class room space will be required for their accommodation before another school term.

An increase in attendance gives a school a larger appropriation from the state funds. Each unit of ten giving \$35.00 more to the district. Last year the daily average attendance was 187 pupils. It is claimed an addition of several units has been gained this term.

The school district draws its funds partly from the assessed valuation of property therein, which in this district is placed at \$1,200,000.

COOKED FOOD SALE.

The ladies of the St. Rita's Church will hold a sale of cooked foods on November 15th, at Welscher's store.

ENJOY MOUNTAIN HIKE

Several companies of Boy Scouts from Los Angeles took advantage of the pleasant weather on Tuesday, and the anniversary of Armistice Day, and hiked up Sturtevant Trail, camping out in the different canyons.

With several large American flags, garbed in regulation kahki and in military formation, they filed up Mountain Trail in soldierly fashion, full of youthful enthusiasm.

PARENT-TEACHERS ASSOCIATION TO MEET.

The Parent-Teachers Association will meet next Wednesday at the Kindergarten Building at three o'clock. The speaker for the afternoon will be Mrs. Howard S. Trotter of Van Nuys, whose subject will be, "Work and Aims of the Parent-Teachers Association." Mrs. James N. Hawks and Mrs. H. I. Hawkshurst will sing duets and Mrs. Vora Maull will read a report on a meeting she attended in Los Angeles as a delegate. Mrs. F. W. Nuetzel and Mrs. E. R. Yerxa will be the hostesses for the afternoon.

POST CARD SHOWER AT NINETY-TWO

Most of our people will remember Mrs. Margaret O. Twycross, who visited her sons here some two years ago and will be pleased to learn that she is still enjoying good health at the age of ninety-two years, Nov. 16.

As a reminder of the occasion, post cards, with loving messages, are now on their way from relatives and friends from various parts of the country and will flutter into the old home place at Cedar Grove, Maine, where Mrs. Twycross was born, and she will experience the happiness of these loving remembrances.

SURPRISE PARTY

Miss Marjorie Bleeker was pleasantly surprised last Monday evening with a dinner party, the occasion being her sixteenth birthday. The table decorations were carried out in pink, with a birthday cake as the center piece inside of which were a ring, a thimble and a piece of money. Gladys Walker received the ring which signified first to wed, Katherine Maull received the thimble which signified never to wed and Marjorie Bleeker received the piece of money which signified wealth.

The evening was spent in playing games and telling fortunes.

Guests included Mary Benton, Muriel Tarr, Lela Sebree, Ruth Brooks, Katherine Maull, Gladys Walker, Miss Mildred Bleeker and the hostess.

FORMER TEACHER WEDS

Last Saturday evening at 8:30, Miss Minnie Gardner was married to Mr. John Clayton at the home of her mother, Mrs. F. Gardner in Santa Ana. Only close friends and relatives were present.

The house was tastefully decorated with orchid colored chrysanthemums. Mrs. H. H. Knoyton, sister of the bride, was matron of honor, and Mr. Robert Walker acted as best man. The bride was attired in a gown of white georgette and was given away by her brother, Mr. Harvey Gardner.

Miss Jean Woodward of this place and Mrs. B. Schupp of Los Angeles assisted in receiving. Guests from Sierra Madre were Mrs. H. I. Hawkshurst, Misses Elsa and Gladys Kraft, Miss Jean Woodward, Miss Yerda M. D. Appleby and Mr. Wade Brunson. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton left on a honeymoon trip which will include Glenwood Springs and after Dec. 1st will make their home at Sterling, Colorado.

SPEEDY FIRE FIGHTERS

The prompt action of Tom Henderson, former fire warden, prevented a disastrous fire on the Carter estate at the head of Baldwin avenue, Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock.

From some unknown cause, the cypress hedge broke out in a blaze and was rapidly spreading up the canyon. When the alarm was given, Henderson, who was in the neighborhood, jumped into the automobile of Tasker Webster, and was driven rapidly to the scene.

He realized the seriousness and immediately notified Marshal Udell to bring assistance. Udell appeared on the scene within a few minutes with several men, who under the charge of Warden Henderson and Marshal Udell, chopped down portions of the hedge to prevent spreading of the flames, and with spades covered other burning portions with dirt. Within a short space of time, all danger was past and very little damage done beyond the destruction of a small shack occupied by a Mexican laborer.

GROCERIES and VEGETABLES

ALL WEEK NOV. 17-22 ALL WEEK

Miss Amy B. Thompson

Will Demonstrate

ARROWHEAD BEVERAGES

Ginger Ale, Kwas, Cherry, Grape and Orange FLAVORS, made from Arrowhead Springs water and true fruit juice: not a soda-pop. Different from all other drinks.

Come and bring your friends and sample the drink with a million little kicks. "Nothing too good for your stomach." Beginning next Monday and lasting all week.

Specials for Saturday

Quail Brand Canned Lima Beans, 1 lb 3 oz.	20c
Quail Brand Canned Succotash, 1 lb 4 oz.	20c
Quail Brand Canned Corn, 1 lb 4 oz.	18c
Bellflower Apples, 10 lbs.	65c
Northern Spuds, 10 lbs.	40c

OPEN THURSDAY AFTERNOON, BUT NO DELIVERY.

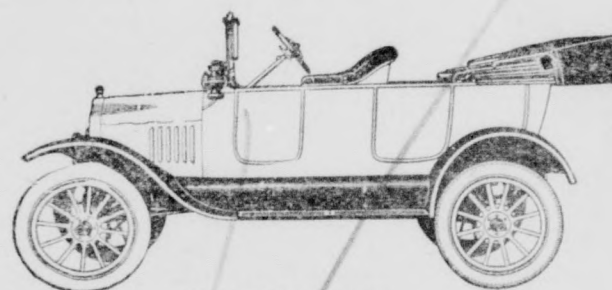
WE CLOSE AT 7:30 SATURDAY EVENING

C. M. Nomura

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BANK BUILDING

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR



New 1920 Model.

Equipped with Self Starter and Exide Battery.

Now on Display

in the Show Room of the

Sierra Madre Garage

MILTON STEINBERGER, PROPRIETOR.

Order Now for Prompt Delivery.

WALK-OVER

SAVING SALE

ON BOYS and GIRLS SHOES

SHOES

Tomorrow--Saturday Specials.

GIRL'S DRESS SHOE	BOYS' AND GIRLS' SCHOOL SHOES
Patent white top button.	
Sizes 5 to 8	\$2.25 Tan, elk or black; broken
Sizes 8 1-2 to 11	2.50 lines, but all sizes, \$2.25.
Sizes 11 1-2 to 2	\$3.00 \$2.50 and \$3.00.
	Boys School Shoes, Gunmetal, \$3.35

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PURE MILK

Phone us for pure sanitary Milk, Cream and Buttermilk. Early delivery—always there in time for breakfast.

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ROBT W. GRADY, Prop.

The Magnificent Ambersons

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER XX—Continued.

And if space itself can be haunted, as memory is haunted, then some time, when the space that was Isabel's room came to be made into the small bedrooms and "kitchenettes" already designed as its destiny, that space might well be haunted and the new occupants come to feel that some seemingly causeless depression hung about it—a wraith of the passion that filled it throughout the last night that George Minafer spent there.

Whatever remnants of the old high-handed arrogance were still within him, he did penance for his deepest sin that night—and it may be that to this day some impressionable, overworked woman in a "kitchenette" after turning on the light, will seem to see a young man kneeling in the darkness, shaking convulsively, and with arms outstretched through the wall, clutching at the covers of a shadowy bed. It may seem to her that she hears the faint cry, over and over: "Mother, forgive me! God, forgive me!"

CHAPTER XXI.

At least it may be claimed for George that his last night in the house where he had been born was not occupied with his own disheartening fu-



He Did Penance for His Deepest Sin That Night.

ture, but with sorrow for what sacrifices his pride and youth had demanded of others. And early in the morning he came downstairs and tried to help Fanny make coffee on the kitchen range.

"There was something I wanted to say to you last night, Aunt Fanny," he said.

"Why—why—?" she stammered; but she knew what he was going to say, and that was why she had been more and more nervous. "Haven't—perhaps—perhaps we'd better get—the things moved to the little new home first, George. Let's—"

He interrupted quietly, though at her phrase, "the little new home," his pungent impulse was to utter one loud shout and run. "It was about this new place that I wanted to speak. I've been thinking it over and I've decided. I want you to take all the things from mother's room and use them and keep them for me, and I'm sure the little apartment will be just what you like; and with the extra bedroom probably you could find some woman friend to come and live there and share the expense with you. But I've decided on another arrangement for myself, and so I'm not going with you. I don't suppose you'll mind much, and I don't see why you should mind—particularly, that is. I can't imagine you, or anyone else, being much attached to me, so—"

He stopped in amazement; no chair had been left in the kitchen, but Fanny gave a despairing glance around her in search of one, then sank abruptly and sat flat upon the floor.

"What on earth—" George sprang to her. "Get up, Aunt Fanny!"

"I can't. I'm too weak. Let me alone, George!" And as he released the wrist he had seized to help her she uttered the dismal prophecy which for days she had been matching against her hopes: "You're going to leave me—in the lurch!"

"Why no, Aunt Fanny!" he protested. "At first I'd have been something of a burden on you. I'm to get eight dollars a week; about thirty-two a month. The rent's thirty-six dollars a month, and the table d'hôte dinner runs up to over twenty-two dollars apiece, so with my half of the rent—eighteen dollars—I'd have less than nothing left out of my salary to pay my share of the groceries for all the breakfasts and luncheons. You see I don't only be doing all the housework and cooking, but you'd be paying

more of the expenses than I would."

She stared at him with such a forlorn blankness as he had never seen. "I'd be paying—" she said feebly. "I'd be paying—"

"Certainly you would. You'd be using more of your money than—"

"My money!" Fanny's chin drooped upon her thin chest and she laughed miserably. "I've got twenty-eight dollars. That's all."

"You mean until the interest is due again?"

"I mean that's all," Fanny said. "I mean that's all there is. There won't be any more interest because there isn't any principal."

"Why you told—"

She shook her head. "No. I haven't told you anything."

"Then it was Uncle George. He told me you had enough to fall back on. That's just what he said: 'to fall back on.' He said you'd lost more than you should in the headlight company, but he'd insisted that you should hold out enough to live on, and you'd very wisely followed his advice."

"I know," she said weakly. "I told him so. He didn't know, or else he'd forgotten how much Wilbur's insurance amounted to, and I—oh, it seemed such a sure way to make a real fortune out of a little—and I thought I could do something for you, George, if you ever came to need it—and it all looked so bright I just thought I'd put it all in. I did—every cent except my last interest payment—and it's gone."

"Good Lord!" George began to pace up and down the worn planks of the bare floor. "Why on earth did you wait till now to tell such a thing as this?"

"I couldn't tell I had to," she said piteously. "It wouldn't do any good—not any good on earth." She got out her lace handkerchief and began to cry. "Nothing does any good, I guess, in this old world! Oh, how tired of this old world I am! I didn't know what to do. I just tried to go ahead and be as practical as I could, and arrange some way for us to live. Oh, I knew you didn't want me, George! I can see that much! You don't suppose I want to thrust myself on you, do you? It isn't very pleasant to be thrusting yourself on a person you know doesn't want you—but I knew you oughtn't to be left all alone in the world; it isn't good. I knew your mother'd want me to watch over you and try to have something like a home for you—I knew she'd want me to do what I tried to do!" Fanny's tears were bitter now, and her voice, hoarse and wet, was tragically sincere. "Oh, and now—you don't want—you want—you want to leave me in the lurch! You—"

"Oh, my Lord!" He went to her and lifted her. "For God's sake get up! Come, let's take the coffee into the other room and see what's to be done."

He got her to her feet; she leaned upon him, already somewhat comforted, and, with his arm about her, he conducted her to the dining room and seated her in one of the two kitchen chairs which had been placed at the rough table. "There!" he said, "get over it!" Fanny's spirits revived appreciably; she looked up with a plaintive engerness. "I had bought all my fall clothes, George," she said; "and I paid every bill I owed. I don't owe a cent for clothes, George."

"That's good," he said wanly, and he had a moment of physical dizziness that decided him to sit down quickly. For an instant it seemed to him that he was not Fanny's nephew, but married to her. He passed his pale hand over his paler forehead. "Well, let's see where we stand," he said feebly. "Let's see if we can afford this place you've selected."

Fanny continued to brighten. "I'm sure it's the most practical plan we could possibly have worked out, George—and it is a comfort to be among nice people. I think we'll both enjoy it, because the truth is we've been keeping too much to ourselves for a long while. It isn't good for people."

"I was thinking about the money, Aunt Fanny. The rent is thirty-six dollars a month; the dinner is twenty-two and a half for each of us, and we've got to have some provision for other food. We won't need any clothes for a year, perhaps—"

"Oh, longer!" she exclaimed. "So you see—"

"I see that forty-five and thirty-six make eighty-one," he said. "At the lowest, we need a hundred dollars a month—and I'm going to make thirty-two."

"I thought of that, George," she said confidently, "and I'm sure it will be all right. You'll be earning a great deal more than that very soon."

"I don't see any prospect of it—not till I'm admitted to the bar, and that will be two years at the earliest."

"Well, there's the six hundred dollars from the sale. Six hundred and twelve dollars it was."

"It isn't six hundred and twelve now," said George. "It's about one hundred and sixty."

Fanny showed a momentary dismay. "Why, how—"

"I lent Uncle George two hundred; I gave fifty apiece to old Sam and those two other old dummies that worked for grandfather so long, and ten to each of the servants here—"

"And you gave me thirty-six," she said thoughtfully, "for the first month's rent, in advance."

"Did I? I'd forgotten. Well, with about a hundred and sixty in bank and our expenses a hundred a month, it doesn't seem as if this new place—"

"Still," she interrupted, "we have paid the first month's rent in advance, and it does seem to be the most practical—"

George rose. "See here, Aunt Fanny," he said decisively. "You stay here and look after the moving. Old Frank doesn't expect me until afternoon, this first day, but I'll go and see him now."

It was early, and old Frank, just established at his big, flat-topped desk, was surprised when his prospective assistant and pupil walked in. He was pleased, as well as surprised, however, and rose, offering a cordial old hand. "The real flare?" he said. "The real flare for the law. That's right! Couldn't wait till afternoon to begin! I'm delighted that you—"

"I wanted to say—" George began, but his patron cut him off.

"Wait just a minute, my boy. I've prepared a little speech of welcome, and even though you're five hours ahead of time, I mean to deliver it. First of all, your grandfather was my old war comrade and my best client; for years I prospered through my connection with his business, and his grandson is welcome in my office and to my best efforts in his behalf. But I want to confess, George, that during your earlier youth I may have had some slight feeling of—well, prejudice, not altogether in your favor; but whatever slight feeling it was, it began to vanish on that afternoon, a good while ago, when you stood up to your Aunt Amelia Amberson as you did in the Major's library, and talked to her as a man and a gentleman should. I saw then what good stuff was in you—and I always wanted to mention it. I think you'll find an honest pleasure now in industry and frugality that wouldn't have come to you in a more frivolous career. The law is a jealous mistress and a stern mistress, but—"

George had stood before him in great and increasing embarrassment; and he was unable to allow the address to proceed to its conclusion.

"I can't do it!" he burst out. "I can't take her for my mistress."

"What?"

"I've come to tell you, I've got to find something that's quicker. I can't—"

Old Frank got a little red. "Let's sit down," he said. "What's the trouble?" George told him.

The old gentleman listened sympathetically, only murmuring: "Well, well!" from time to time, and nodding acquiescence.

"You see she's set her mind on this apartment," George explained. "She's got some old cronies there, and I guess she's been looking forward to the games of bridge and the kind of harmless gossip that goes on in such places. Really, it's a life she'd like better than anything else—better than that she's lived at home. I really believe, I struck me she's just about got to have it, and after all she could hardly have anything less."

"This comes pretty heavily upon me, you know," said old Frank. "I got her into that headlight company, and she fooled me about her resources as much as she did your Uncle George. I was never your father's adviser, if you remember, and when the insurance was turned over to her some other lawyer arranged it—probably your father's. But it comes pretty heavily on me, and I feel a certain responsibility."

"Not at all. I'm taking the responsibility," And George smiled with one corner of his mouth. "I'll tell you how it is, sir. He flushed, and, looking out of the streaked and smoky window beside which he was sitting, spoke with difficulty. "I feel as if—perhaps I had one or two pretty important things in my life to make up for. Well, I can't. I can't make them up to—whom I would. It's struck me that, as I couldn't, I might be a little decent to somebody else, perhaps—if I could manage it! I never have been particularly decent to poor old Aunt Fanny."

"Oh, I don't know. I shouldn't say that. A little youthful teasing—I doubt if she's minded so much. It seems to me she's had a fairly comfortable life—up to now—if she was disposed to take it that way."

"But 'up to now' is the important thing," George said. "Now is now—and you see I can't wait two years to be admitted to the bar and begin to practice. I've got to start in at something else that pays from the start, and that's what I've come to you about. I have an idea, you see."

"Well, I'm glad of that!" said old Frank, smiling. "I can't think of anything just at this minute that pays from the start."

"I only know of one thing, myself." "What is it?"

George flushed again, but managed

to laugh at his own embarrassment. "I suppose I'm about as ignorant of business as anybody in the world," he said. "But I've heard they pay very high wages to people in dangerous trades; I've always heard they did, and I'm sure it must be true. I mean people that handle touchy chemicals or high explosives—men in dynamite factories, or who take things of that sort about the country in wagons, and shoot oil wells. I thought I'd see if you couldn't tell me something more about it, or else introduce me to some one who could, and then I thought I'd see if I could do as soon as possible. I wanted to get started today if I could."

Old Frank gave him a long stare. At first this scrutiny was sharply incredulous; then it was grave; finally it developed into a threat of overwhelming laughter; a forked vein in his forehead became more visible and his eyes seemed about to protrude.

But he controlled his impulse; and, rising, took up his hat and overcoat. "All right," he said. "If you'll promise not to get blown up, I'll go with you to see if we can find the job." Then, meaning what he said, but amazed that he did mean it, he added: "You certainly are the most practical young man I ever met!"

CHAPTER XXII.

They found the job. It needed an apprenticeship of only six weeks, during which period George was to receive fifteen dollars a week; after that he would get twenty-eight. This settled the apartment question, and Fanny was presently established in a greater contentment than she had known for a long time.

On Sunday mornings Fanny went to church and George took long walks. He explored the new city, and found it hideous, especially in the early spring, before the leaves of the shade trees were out.

One of his Sunday walks, that spring, he made into a sour pilgrimage. It was a misty morning of belated snow slush, and suited him to a perfection of miserableness, as he stood before the great dripping department store which now occupied the big plot of ground where once had stood both the Amberson hotel and the Amberson opera house. From there he drifted to the old "Amberson block," but this was only a shadow. The old structure had not been replaced, but a cavernous entryway for trucks had been torn in its front, and upon the cornice, where the old separate metal letters had spelt "Amberson block," there was a long bill board sign: "Doogan Storage."

To spare himself, he went out National avenue and saw the piles of slush-covered wreckage where the Mansion and his mother's house had been, and where the Major's ill-fated five "new" houses had stood; for these were down, too, to make room for the great tenement already shaped in unending lines of foundation.

He turned away from the devastated site, thinking bitterly that the only Amberson mark still left upon the town was the name of the boulevard—Amberson boulevard. But he had reckoned without the city council of the new order, and by an unpleasant coincidence, while the thought was still in his mind, his eyes fell upon a metal oblong sign upon the lamp-post at the corner. There were two of these little signs upon the lamp-post, at an obtuse angle to each other, one to give passersby the name of National avenue, the other to acquaint them with Amberson boulevard. But the one upon which should have been stenciled "Amberson boulevard" exhibited the words "Tenth street."

George stared at it hard. Then he walked quickly along the boulevard to the next corner and looked at the little sign there. "Tenth street."

It had begun to rain, but George stood unheeding, staring at the little



"D— Them!"

sign. "D— them!" he said finally, and, turning up his coat collar, plodded back through the soggy streets toward "home."

The utilitarian impudence of the city authorities put a thought into his mind. A week earlier he had happened to stroll into the large parlor of the apartment house, finding it empty, and on the center table he noticed a large, red-bound, gilt-edged book, newly printed, bearing the title: "A Civic

History," and beneath the title, the rubric, "Biographies of the 500 Most Prominent Citizens and Families in the History of the City." He had glanced at it absently, merely noticing the title and subtitle, and wandered out of the room, thinking of other things and feeling no curiosity about the book. But he had thought of it several times since with a faint, vague uneasiness; and now when he entered the lobby he walked directly into the parlor where he had seen the book. The room was empty, as it always was on Sunday mornings, and the flamboyant volume was still upon the table—evidently a fixture as a sort of local Almonach de Gotha, or Burke, for the enlightenment of tenants and boarders.

He turned to the index where the names of the five hundred Most Prominent Citizens and Families in the History of the City were arranged in alphabetical order, and ran his finger down the column of A's: Abbe, Abbott, Abrams, Adams, Adams, Adler, Akers, Albertsmeyer, Alexander, Allen, Ambrose, Ambuhl, Anderson, Andrews, Appenbasch, Archer, Arszman, Ashcraft, Austin, Avey.

George's eyes remained for some time fixed on the thin space between the names "Allen" and "Ambrose." Then he closed the book quietly, and went up to his own room, agreeing with the elevator boy, on the way, that it was getting to be a mighty nasty wet and windy day outside.

The elevator boy noticed nothing unusual about him and neither did Fanny, when she came in from church with her hat ruined, an hour later. And yet something had happened—a thing which, years ago, had been the engendering hope of many, many good citizens of the town. They had thought of it, longed for it, hoping acutely that they might live to see the day when it would come to pass. And now it had happened at last: George Minafer had got his come-uppance.

He had got it three times filled and running over. The city had rolled over his heart, burying it under, as it rolled over the Major's and buried it under. The city had rolled over the Ambersons and buried them under to the last vestige; and it mattered little that George guessed easily enough that most of the five hundred Most Prominent had paid something substantial "to defray the cost of steel engraving, etc."—the Five Hundred had heaved the final shovelful of soot upon that heap of obscurity wherein the Ambersons were lost forever from sight and history. "Quicksilver in a nest of cracks!"

George Minafer had got his come-uppance, but the people who had so longed for it were not there to see it, and they never knew it. Those who were still living had forgotten all about it and all about him.

George had seen Eugene only once since their calamitous encounter. They had passed on opposite sides of the street, downtown; each had been aware that the other was aware of him, and yet each kept his eyes straight forward, and neither had shown a perceptible alteration of countenance. It seemed to George that he felt emanating from the outwardly imperturbable person of his mother's old friend a hate that was like a hot wind.

At his mother's funeral and at the Major's he had been conscious that Eugene was there; though he had afterward no recollection of seeing him, and while certain of his presence, was uncertain how he knew of it. Fanny had not told him, for she understood George well enough not to speak to him of Eugene or Lucy. Nowadays Fanny almost never saw either of them and seldom thought of them—so sly is the way of time with life. She was passing middle age, when old intensities and longings grow thin and flatten out, as Fanny herself was thinning and flattening out; and she was settling down contentedly to her apartment-house intimacies.

The city was so big, now, that people disappeared into it unnoticed, and the disappearance of Fanny and her nephew was not exceptional. People no longer knew their neighbors as a matter of course; one lived for years next door to strangers—that sharpest of all the changes since the old days—and a friend would lose sight of a friend for a year, and not know it.

One May day George thought he had a glimpse of Lucy. He was not certain, but he was sufficiently disturbed, in spite of his uncertainty. A promotion in his work now frequently took him out of town for a week, or longer, and it was upon his return from one of these absences that he had the strange experience. He had walked home from the station, and as he turned the corner which brought him in sight of the apartment house entrance, though two blocks distant from it, he saw a charming little figure come out, get into a shiny landaulet automobile, and drive away. Even at that distance no one could have doubted that the little figure was charming; and the height, the quickness and decision of motion, even the swift gesture of a white glove toward the chauffeur—all were characteristic of Lucy. George was instantly subjected to a shock of indefinable nature, yet definitely a shock; he did not know what he felt—but he knew that he felt. He went on slowly, his knees shaky.

But he found Fanny not at home; she had been out all afternoon; and there was no record of any caller—and he began to wonder, then to doubt if the small lady he had seen in the distance was Lucy. It might as well have been, he said to himself—since anyone who looked like her could give him "a jolt like that!"

Lucy had not left a card. She never left one when she called on Fanny; though she did not give her reasons a

quite definite form in her own mind. She came seldom; this was but the third time that year, and when she did come, George was not mentioned either by her hostess or by herself—an oddity contrived between the two ladies without either of them realizing how odd it was.

At other times Lucy's thoughts of George were anything but continuous, and weeks went by when he was not consciously in her mind at all. Her life was a busy one; she had the big house "to keep up;" she had a garden to keep up, too, a large and beautiful garden; she represented her father as a director for half a dozen public charity organizations, and did private charity work of her own, being a proxy mother of several large families; and she had "danced down," as she said, groups from eight or nine classes of new graduates returned from the universities, without marrying any of them, but she still danced—and still did not marry.

Her father, observing this circumstance happily, yet with some hypocritical concern, spoke of it to her one day as they stood in her garden. "I suppose I'd want to shoot him," he said, with attempted lightness. "But I mustn't be an old pig. I'd build you a beautiful house close by—just over yonder."

"No, no! That would be like—" she began impulsively; then checked herself. George Amberson's comparison of the Georgian house to the Amberson mansion had come into her mind, and she thought that another new house, built close by for her, would be like the house the Major built for Isabel.

"Like what?"

"Nothing." She looked serious, and when he reverted to his idea of "some day" grudgingly surrendering her up to a suitor, she invented a legend. "Did you ever hear the Indian name for that little grove of beech trees on the other side of the house?" she asked him.

"No—and you never did either!" he laughed.

"Don't be so sure! I read a great deal more than I used to—getting ready for my bookish days when I'll have to do something solid in the evenings and won't be asked to dance any more, even by the very youngest boys who think it's a sporting event to dance with the oldest of the 'older girls.' The name of the grove was 'Loma-Nashah' and it means 'They-Couldn't-Help-It.'"

"Doesn't sound like it."

"Indian names don't. There was a bad Indian chief lived in the grove before the white settlers came. He was the worst Indian that ever lived, and his name was—it was 'Vendonah.' That means 'Rides-Down-Everything.'"

"I see," said Eugene thoughtfully. He gave her a quick look and then fixed his eyes upon the end of the garden path. "Go on."

"Vendonah was an unspeakable case," Lucy continued. "He was so proud that he wore iron shoes, and he walked over people's faces with them. He was always killing people that way, and so at last the tribe decided that it wasn't a good enough excuse for him that he was young and inexperienced—he'd have to go. They took him down to the river, and put him in a canoe, and pushed him out from shore; and then they ran along the bank and wouldn't let him land, until at last the current carried the canoe out into the middle, and then on down to the ocean, and he never got back. They didn't want him back, of course, and if he'd been able to manage it, they'd have put him in another canoe and shoved him out into the river again. But still, they didn't elect another chief in his place. Other tribes thought that was curious, and wondered about it a lot, but finally they came to the conclusion that the beech grove people were afraid a new chief might turn out to be a bad Indian, too, and wear iron shoes like Vendonah. But they were wrong, because the real reason was that the tribe had led such an exciting life under Vendonah that they couldn't settle down to anything tamer. He was awful, but he always kept things happening—terrible things, of course. They hated him, but they weren't able to discover any other warrior that they wanted to make chief in his place. They couldn't help feeling that way."

"I see," said Eugene. "So that's why they named the place 'They-Couldn't-Help-It.'"

"It must have been,"

"And so you're going to stay here in your garden," he said musingly. "You think it's better to keep on walking these sunshiny gravel paths between your flower beds, and growing to look like a pensive garden lady in a Victorian engraving."

"I suppose I'm like the tribe that lived here, papa. I had too much unpleasant excitement. It was unpleasant—but it was excitement. I don't want any more; in fact, I don't want anything but you."

"You don't?" He looked at her keenly, and she laughed and shook her head; but he seemed perplexed, rather doubtful. "What was the name of the grove?" he asked. "The Indian name, I mean."

"Mola-Haha."

"No, it wasn't; that wasn't the name you said."

"I've forgotten."

"I see you have," he said, his look of perplexity remaining. "Perhaps you remember the chief's name better."

She shook her head again. "I don't!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Her Shoes Hurt Her Feet. As a general thing, when you see a woman hobbling along the street with an agonized expression it is a sign that she's got more foot than head.—Dallas News.

Nasty Colds

Get instant relief with
"Pape's Cold Compound"

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a cold and ends all gripe misery. The very first dose opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nose running; relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness and stiffness. "Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance. Tastes nice. Contains no quinine. Insist on Pape's! Ad.

Marjorie's One Hundred.

Marjorie, aged 9, had not been having very satisfactory reports from school. Her father finally said: "Marjorie, for the first 100 you get I'll give you a quarter."

Time went on, and the reward could not be claimed. One day the child was taken violently ill. Her mother sent for the doctor. When he had gone Marjorie said: "Mamma, am I very ill?"

"No, dear; your temperature is a little over 100, but the doctor thinks you will be better in a day or so."

Smiles broke through Marjorie's tears. "Now, mamma, I can have my quarter. Papa said he would give it to me if I could get 100 on anything."

—Christian Advocate.

ASPIRIN FOR COLDS

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine
Aspirin—say Bayer



Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Colds, Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monocetacide of Salicylic Acid.—Adv.

He Was Slow.

He fell! True, it was a moment of overwhelming temptation—her upturned face, with rosy lips pursed. But still, as he crept sorrowfully away, he told himself that he had been a cad to steal that kiss. But even now he could see the sudden tears in her eyes.

His broken apology still rang in the little room where the girl lay sobbing on the couch.

"It's awful," she sobbed. "To think he should have kissed me at last and—then said he meant nothing by it! What does he think I gave him the chance for, the idiot?"—Dallas News.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.

Stop a minute and think what it means to say that "Green's August Flower" has been a household remedy all over the civilized world for more than half a century." No higher praise is possible and no better remedy can be found for constipation, intestinal troubles, torpid liver and the depressed feeling that accompanies such disorders. It is most valuable for indigestion or nervous dyspepsia and liver trouble, coming up of food, palpitation of heart, and many other symptoms. A few doses of August Flower will relieve you. It is a gentle laxative. Ask your druggist. Sold in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Gentle Environment.

"What's Eloise doing now?"
"Welfare work in prison."
"It's too bad for a refined girl like that to come in contact with hardened criminals."

"Oh, she merely visits the 'banker's colony.' It's really a high-class club, you know, whose members have moved in good society and expect to do so again as soon as their period of seclusion is over."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

\$100 Reward, \$100

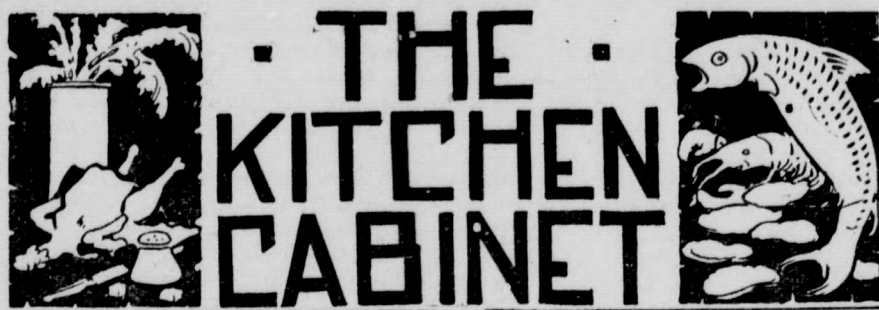
Cataract is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Cataract that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

What's Repetee?

"Pa, what is repetee?"
"It is, as a rule, an insult with a tress suit on, my son."

Our Woman's Department

This Department is edited by Julia Bottomley, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and Nellie Maxwell, a National authority on Domestic Economy, for the pleasure and profit of the Ladies of Sierra Madre and vicinity.—J. F. Whiting, Editor



Nothing like a wayward bit of Mother Earth to grip the human heart, nothing like a wild weed patch! It is a magnet, swinging us all around into blue like iron filings. It isn't a run-down condition that makes most of us take a vacation, it's the call of a wild weed patch.

CHESTNUT DISHES.

The chestnut is especially popular, being the nut most enjoyed for Halloween parties. Its own delicacy of flavor blends so well with others that it is a general favorite and always a delight to the palate. Roasted and served with apples, cider and doughnuts, an October party is quite complete.

A Tempting Entree.—Roast and mash to a paste one pound of chestnuts. Add half a cupful of cream, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a dash of salt with two well-beaten eggs; pour into well buttered timbale molds and bake, set in a dish of hot water. When firm, in about 25 minutes, turn out and serve with a cream sauce or with a rich tomato sauce.

A delicious soup may be made with chestnuts as a foundation. Cook a quart of chestnuts in boiling water, slip off the brown skins and drop them into cold water. Drop again into boiling water; add a small onion, three stalks of celery, a small blade of mace and a bit of bay leaf. When the nuts are tender mash through a sieve, add white stock, a tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika and a pint of hot milk. When boiling hot remove to the back part of the stove and add two well-beaten eggs and a half a cupful of sweet cream. Serve hot in bouillon cups.

A Chestnut Salad.—For a dinner salad, chestnuts are delicious. Mix after blanching with chopped apple and celery; garnish with water dressing and serve with a mayonnaise dressing.

Dainty Chestnut Dessert.—Prepare a custard, adding a teaspoonful of softened gelatin, a little flavoring of any kind and add a pint of prepared chestnuts. Pour into a mold, and when serving surround with whipped cream.

Brussels sprouts and chestnuts served together is a greatly appreciated dainty. Serve in a thick cream sauce.

Chestnut croquettes is another good dish and with a few pounds of chestnuts and a little forethought one may prepare any number of delicious dishes.

O suns and skies and clouds of June
And days of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

FRENCH DISHES FAVORITES IN AMERICA.

We will have to admit that the French have distanced us in matters of economy. They look with dismay upon the huge roasts and juicy steaks which are found on American tables. Though France knows much, she does not know it all, by any means.

Mark Twain, in his usual entertaining vein, says: "There is here and there an American who will say he can remember rising from an European table d'hôte perfectly satisfied; but we must not overlook the fact that there is here and there an American who will lie."

Burgundian Pate.—For this dish the breasts of two chickens must be pounded into a paste; add to this one cupful of fresh bread crumbs and half a cupful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and five beaten yolks of eggs. Cook six livers and six gizzards one hour in good stock. Then add a cupful of chopped ham and the same amount of chopped mushrooms cooked in butter. Cook a few moments and then cool. Line a pate mold with puff paste, fill with the mixture, cover with a paste and bake slowly in a moderate oven.

Cover with paper if the crust browns too quickly and add stock through the opening. Serve cold or hot.

Cream Fritters.—Take a quart of milk, one cupful of salt, a cupful of blanched and chopped almonds and a tablespoonful of orange flower water. Boil the milk, add sugar, butter and salt and cook ten minutes. Then stir in six beaten eggs, and cook until thick. Spread in a well buttered pan an inch thick to cool. When chilled cut in diamonds, dip in crumbs and egg and fry a golden brown in deep fat. Serve hot with a lemon sauce.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorners' seat,
Or hurt the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY CHICKEN DISHES.

One tires of the usual and ordinary and longs for some new way to present the familiar.

French cooks are masters of the art of surprising with the familiar, yet one does not always wish a dish to be entirely lost in seasonings. Some of the following dishes may seem extravagant, but no scrap of meat or bit of bone need be wasted, as there is stock, salad, timbales and canapés which may be made from small bits:

Chicken a la Marengo.—This dish is said to have been originated for Napoleon after the battle of Marengo.

Singe and clean a five-pound chicken and cut it up for fricassee. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and add three tablespoonfuls of the best olive oil. When it is hot add the dark meat of the chicken and cook five minutes. Then add the white meat with salt and pepper and a bit of garlic. Mix and stir over a good fire and cook 20 minutes, until each piece is a golden brown. Have ready a tomato sauce, made from one can of tomatoes a bit each of onion, carrot, parsley, cooked thick and rubbed through a sieve; add one-half pound of fresh mushrooms and the chicken. Cook the mushrooms in fat five minutes. Arrange the chicken on a platter; add to the gravy in the pan three tablespoonfuls of the tomato puree, stir until it is hot; pour over the chicken and serve.

Chicken Baked in Milk.—Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add one large onion thinly sliced; cut two young chickens in pieces for serving, cover and cook slowly, turning often, for ten minutes, then add one cupful of chicken stock and cook until the chicken is tender. Remove the chicken, put stock and onion through a sieve and add one and one-half tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour creamed together. Season with salt and pepper. Arrange the chicken on a serving dish, pour the sauce around it and garnish with sliced bananas cut in diagonal slices, dipped in flour and sautéed in butter.

A widespread hopeful disposition
Is your only true umbrella in this
vale of tears.

SOME CHOICE CAKES FOR OCCASIONS.

Careful baking is a most important point in successful cake making. If the cake is to bake one hour, watch the oven the first quarter or 25 minutes and see that it commences to rise; the second quarter it should finish rising and begin to brown; the third quarter it should finish browning and begin to shrink from the pan, and the last quarter, finishes the baking.

If a cake rises in the middle and bursts open, it may have too much flour or too strong a heat. A cake filled with large holes has either too much baking powder or soda or it has not been well blended. It is not best to move a cake in the oven until it has finished rising, then it can be safely turned. The first five minutes one may turn a cake without injuring it.

Wedding Cake.—Cream one pound of sugar gradually and beat until well mixed. Separate the whites and yolks of 12 eggs; beat the yolks until thick and lemon colored, the whites until stiff and dry. Add the yolks to the first mixture. To four cupfuls of sifted flour (one pound) reserve a third of a cupful to dredge the fruit. The rest sift with two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and three-fourths of a teaspoonful each of allspice, mace, and nutmeg and a half-teaspoonful of cloves. Then add three tablespoonfuls of orange juice, one of rose water and two of lemon juice. Add a pound of currants and figs, three pounds of raisins, one pound of citron, all cut fine and dredged with flour. Fold in the whites before adding the fruit. Bake three hours in a slow oven.

Nellie Maxwell

FASHIONS IN FURS FOR FALL-WINTER

Peltry of Every Conceivable Variety Is to Be Much in Evidence.

STRIPE IS VERY DESIRABLE

Borders and Bands of Rich Color in Contrasting Arrangements Are Used—New Shades for Fall.

A poor excuse is better than none, and so milady will comfort her conscience as she digs deep in her pocketbook and purchases one of the fur wraps of the new season with the fact that a cloth suit or coat would cost in some cases almost as much, writes a prominent fashion correspondent.

In truth furs are proportionately about as expensive and the only reason that there is anything within reach is that every conceivable fur is in fashion.

Paris has been astonishingly catholic in this respect of late and under the exigency of the times admitted to the list of possible furs such lesser pelts as Mongolian goat, rabbit, coney, Manchurian dog and even ordinary house rat. As the scarcity of furs continued through last winter old furs were dragged out of the moth ball closet and worn until there was not a fur left that might not be seen on the streets of Paris.

Fortunately this brought every fur into play, for just imagine the prices if only two or three furs had happened to be in fashion, as in some seasons past.

This is not to say that there are not favorite furs this year, too, but because some of the less expensive furs are in better standing than usual is not an indication that sable, ermine or any of the furs that are always high in price are out of it. Indeed, it is not so much a question of the kind of fur as the manner in which it is made up and the color. Gray furs, squirrel and chinchilla are a shade more in demand than those in other tones.

Stripes Are in Evidence.

Stripes, so very well liked in frocks and suits, find reflection in the furs in the arrangement of the markings, so any fur that has by nature a dark stripe is very desirable for the large wraps that are so frequent.

For this purpose chinchilla and mink are immensely popular and the things that the designers do with the pelts are extraordinary.

On a wrap of mink for evening or afternoon wear the stripes run up and down for the major portion, but a wide band of the fur with the stripes running in the opposite direction is nipped in the front corners and crosses the back at the bottom. The collar on this wrap, which is typically French, is very large and falls over the shoulders and half way down the arms bordered with a horizontal band of mink, bringing the line straight across the figure.

The Parisian with her short skirts wears these all enveloping wraps exceedingly well. Exactly the length of the skirt underneath, the wrap still escapes being cumbersome, particularly as the cut is most apt to be straight and the sleeves rudimentary. Either slits in a cape or very short sleeves in the coats are seen.

Neither American makers nor buyers abroad favor the short sleeves in furs, so the coats and coats on this side are all offered with regulation sleeves.

Large Collars and Cuffs.
Large collars and cuffs of the longer haired pelts are a feature of many fall

suits. Skunk, fox and pointed fox are used and the collars are cut high, giving a luxurious air to the suit. When the use of bands and large pockets is noted it is usually in close fur, as seal, squirrel or beaver. A suit of French blue velours is fashioned with flaring lines from the waist and a vest and high rolling chin collar of squirrel fur. The fur is arranged so that the stripes run horizontally across the front of the vest. The simple tailored suit without a belt and trimmed with large collar and cuffs of fur is sure to be one of the smartest features of the fall openings.

Pervenche is one of the new shades that have been captured for the fall. It is named for the little French flower by that name, which we see once in a while in an old garden in this country under the name of myrtle.

Many Browns and Tans.

Duvelyn is not considered as smart as velvet for the fall or winter hat. Also one will note when scanning the collection in the best shops that there are almost no dark blue hats, but quantities of all shades of browns and tans, while feathers are greatly in the majority as trimming. Velvet shirred and plaited very closely and very cleverly handled is sufficient to distinguish some of the very high-priced models.

Two new sport hats of special interest are masterpieces in handwork and



Striking and beautiful combination of moleskin and squirrel is this extremely modish winter creation. The hat is of gray velvet with rose brocade silk.

In very different ways. All the vivid colors are used in dress in a turban-shaped affair, and that each shade lose none of its value it is embroidered in a more or less irregular fan shape all by itself and not intertwined with any other color. This hat is also suitable for wear with a strictly tailor-made suit.

TAILS AS A DECORATION

Again, it may be merely a matter of tails, and the wrap or fur piece that can count the most tails is easily the winner.

Probably the rage for tails is traceable to the rage for fringe and any and everything that dangles with every motion of the wearer. Seldom are the tails placed anywhere near the spot nature intended them to be. Placed close enough together to form a semblance of fringe is the approved method, but as this is decidedly expensive the close formation in short spaces is sometimes seen.

The dolman, more in evidence here than abroad, is very apt to show a long fringe of tails that runs from the wrist straight down under the arms to the bottom of the hem, otherwise it may run down the sides and around the back or around the bottom without any at the sleeves.

It is even used in two ways about the bottom, either placed at the top of the hem falling on top of the fur or

about the lower edge and hanging free. An ermine evening wrap by an American house has a tail fringe all above the hem, the little dark tails placed very close and showing up well against the white fur. The sleeves of this wrap are wide and floppy, being supplied with a separate elongated flap like a cape, and the collar, very strangely, is of silver fox.

Fruits as Trimmings

Fruits are extensively used as a trimming for evening gowns. The Parisian house of Brandt, which held its opening recently, especially sponsors this mode and varies it by using flowers. Fur plays an important part in trimming their evening gowns also.

Bandeaux, to be worn on the head instead of a hat for evening wear, are shown by practically all of the dress makers, the bandeau carrying out the idea of the gown. Milliners have done a big business in this class of merchandise also.

"DANDERINE" PUTS BEAUTY IN HAIR

Girls! A mass of long, thick, gleamy tresses



Let "Danderine" save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality.

Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs this stimulating tonic; then its life, color, brightness and abundance will return—Hurry!—Adv.

His Misapprehension.

"Hi! Whur ar I at?" feebly demanded Mr. Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark., after the accident. "What's been coming off around yur, anyhow?"

"You drove on to the railroad crossing just in time to be struck by the flyer," replied the physician. "The engine demolished your wagon, and—"

"Aw, that's it? Must have sorter knocked me plumb out of my head for a spell, for I shore thought my fourteen children had mobbed me for some thing or nuther they didn't like."

"CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California."—Adv.

Organize Fire Fighters Permanently.

The rural fire-fighting companies organized in war time by the farm bureaus of California have proved so successful that they are being organized this year for use in the present fire season. Most of the counties report that the equipment has been overhauled, repaired when necessary, and that the companies have been brought up to full strength and ready for work. In a number of counties the companies have been called out for service.

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Worse Than the Lover.

"What is worse," demanded the lovely girl, disgustedly, "than a man who will make love to you, in spite of all you can do?"

It seemed to demand a reply, so the other lovely girl said:

"One who won't."

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**All Material to be sold
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The material in these splendid buildings includes 150,000 feet of lumber, 2x3 to 2x12 R. O. P. in all lengths, Flooring, Ceiling, Rustic, etc.

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All will be sold in lots to suit the purchaser. See the salesman at the job on and after Nov. 15th, all day, mornings and evenings. This is a wonderful opportunity to purchase fine lumber at big savings. For lumber graded higher when these buildings were erected, than it does now.

See Salesman on the job.
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**OREGON ELKS
TAKE CHARGE
THRIFT WORK**

**B. P. O. E. President Will
Lead Savings Drive for
\$5,000,000.**

Sale of War Savings Stamps and Treasury Savings Certificates in the state of Oregon has been placed entirely in the hands of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. The state body of Elks has taken over management of the thrift and savings campaign as a volunteer patriotic service to the state and nation.

This announcement has just been made by Harry G. Allen, head of the Elks' state organization, and C. S. Jackson, state director of the government savings organization. It is estimated that existing War Savings Societies and school children throughout Oregon can be counted on to purchase \$2,000,000 in War Savings Stamps before January 1, which will leave approximately \$5,000,000 to be subscribed through efforts of the fraternal organization, which has a membership of 15,000 in the state.

Mr. Allen offered the services of the great fraternal order under authority given state organizations of the order at the national convention in Atlantic City, which adopted resolutions pledging active support of all members to the government thrift campaign. He has obtained leave of absence from his business and will devote all his personal efforts for the next four months to organizing sales forces among the subsidiary lodges.

"During the war," said Mr. Allen, "the order of Elks has felt it a privilege to place at the disposal of our country the services of its members. There were several thousand Oregon Elks under arms, and those of us who were not privileged to wear the olive drab, the navy blue or the uniform of the marines, have taken pride in meeting the responsibilities of war finance and participating in all other patriotic movements."

-BUY W. S. S.-

THE BACKING OF MONEY

A so-called philosopher once said: "If the rich do not spend the poor die of hunger."

This fallacy was back of conditions that brought on the French Revolution. Saving is spending, but it is for the future rather than for the present. It causes the production of permanent goods rather than the mere satisfaction of transient and temporary pleasures.

The trouble is that people confuse money with what is back of it. They see that spending increases trade, but fail to see that investing money increases trade just as much. Perhaps you never stopped to realize that every time you deposit a dollar in a bank or invest it in some legitimate enterprise you not only help some to get and keep a job, but a useful job. Every dollar you bank or invest provides work for somebody.

It is sometimes said in favor of one of the larger excesses—jewelry—that diamonds are a good investment. That is, people think that they will be able to sell their jewels if they cannot afford to keep them. But aside from the fact that I don't believe that anyone ever sold a ring, or pin, or expensive watch for as much as he or she paid for it, there is the further fact that money invested in jewelry earns no interest.

Extravagance brings in no return. Money saved is not only kept, but it continues to work for its owner. The earning power of money which is spent is given up for all time. It is destroyed.—How to Get Ahead.

-W. S. S.-

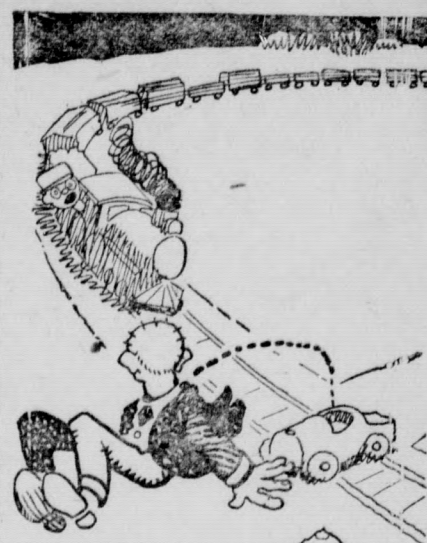
TURN RIGHT

The road to success is no rougher, or harder, or more painful than the road to failure, but there is a difference; we voluntarily choose to bear the pains of success, while the pains of failure are thrust upon us. The pains of success are mental and physical as are those of failure.

The boy or girl who aspires to succeed in school pays a daily penalty in the act of resisting the impulses to enjoy pleasures of the moment; in forcing the brain to exercise when it is crying to quit; in doing daily mental tasks which are just as tiring as any physical labor. The man who succeeds pays his penalty, too. He must save when he would like to spend. He must work when he would like to loaf. He must be up and doing when he would like to sleep. He must take kicks and not kick back. He must assume responsibilities when he dislikes to add to his burdens. He must be patient when his nature is to be impatient. He must bring his appetite to reason when it calls to be unreasonable. All of us know men who want to succeed, but we know that they cannot because they will pay the penalties of failure; they cannot avoid them although they think they can. They will pay and pay hard. The penalties of success are suffered for the most part in early years. The penalties of failure are reaped in later years when the rewards of success are being plucked.—The Fortuna Magazine.

-BUY W. S. S.-

In place of 300,000 persons who held government securities previous to the war there are now at least twenty million. If this can be raised to 50,000,000 in 1919, the better it will be for the people. Buy W. S. S.



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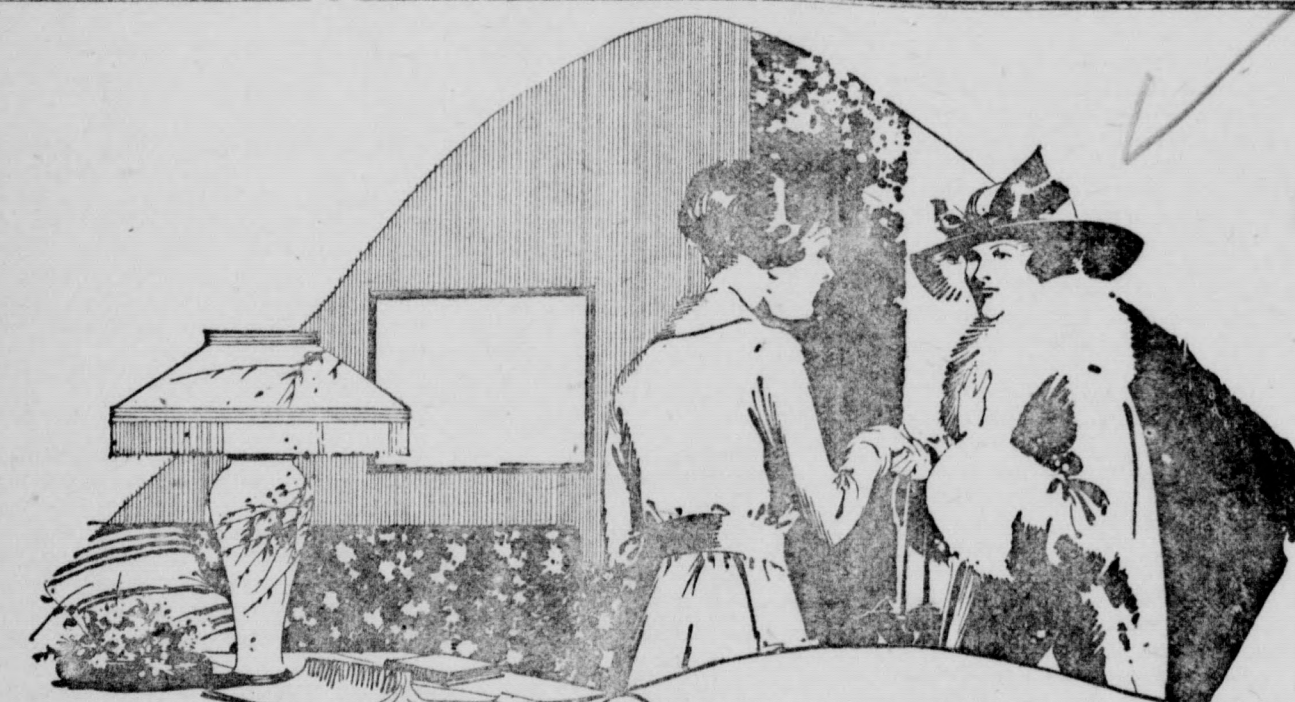
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cosy here"*

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Baily, The Tin Soldier.
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Clifford, Miss Fingal.
Curwood, The River's End.
Glass, Potash and Permuter Settle Things.
Jacobs, Deep Waters.
Merrick, Conrad in Quest of his Youth.
Morley, The Haunted Bookshop.
Sinclair, Mary Oliver.
Stacpoole, Beach of Dreams.

NON-FICTION

Aircraft Year Book.
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Morley, Life of Cobden.
Morley, Critical Miscellanies.
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Wood, Pasadena, Historical and Personal.

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Baum, Magic of Oz.
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Burgess, Boy Scouts on Swift River.
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Burns, Story of English Kings according to Shakespeare.
Drake, Boy Allies under Two Flags.
Hill, Corner House Girls Snow Bound.
McSpadden, Famous Ghost Stories.
Parkman, Fighters for Peace.
Perkins, Cornelia.
Porter, Our Young Aeroplane Scouts in France and Belgium.
Raymond, A Yankee Girl in Old California.
Seaman, The Slipper Point Mystery.
Thatcher, Indian Manners, Customs and Wars.

A RED CROSS TEA.

An afternoon tea under the auspices of the home relief committee of the Red Cross will be given at the Woman's Club House on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 29th, from 2 to 4 o'clock.

Mrs. Ellen L. Wesson, General Secretary of the County Associated Charities and of the Pasadena Welfare Bureau, will speak on Home Relief work.

All the men and women of Sierra Madre are invited and urged to be present, so that they may all get a comprehensive idea of what is needed in this important line of work in Sierra Madre.

Questions and informal discussions will be in order and a musical program is being prepared.

Admission free. Tea 25c. Don't forget the date, Nov. 29th.